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MOST REVEREND GEORGE W. MUNDELEIN, D. D.
ARCHBISHOP OF CHICAGO

Two Crowded Years

Being Selected Addresses, Pastorals, and Letters Issued During the First Twenty-four Months of the Episcopate

of the

Most Rev. George William Mundelein, D. D.,

as Archbishop of Chicago

Foreword by the Right Rev. Francis C. Kelley, D. D.

CHICAGO
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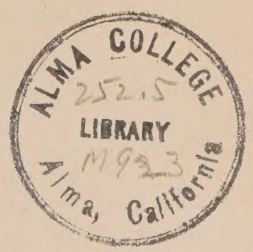

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Archbishop Mundelein

A Foreword by Monsignor Kelley

There is never a lack of work to do in a great archdiocese, but very often there is a lack of the things with which to do it. I should not have said "work", but "works", for it is the multiplicity of calls to labor that is the chiefest of difficulties facing the responsible high priest and pastor of souls. No one can build a house without materials. No one can respond to the call to do great things for God without supplies, far harder to get than brick and mortar. One of these necessities is the good will of others, a sure forerunner of generosity.

Two years is not a long period of rule, but two years well prepared for may be made to stand, in actual achievement, as equal to ten or even twenty. To prepare well for two intensive years of many labors is to have labored all one's

previous life, to have been made fit by smaller tasks for the greater ones; but, above all, to have formed one's qualities of heart, mind and soul so strongly that character makes easy the gaining of good will. The rest follows.

Never did bishop come to his flock more of a complete stranger than did Archbishop Mundelein to the million and a quarter Catholics of the Archdiocese of Chicago, and the people of the Central West. He had never seen the vast West. He had never set foot on the pavements of its greatest city. He was practically unknown to his entire clergy except by name. That name had never been even vaguely hinted at in connection with the choice of a successor to the late lamented Archbishop Quigley. By the choice of the Holy Father, and the Holy Father alone, Archbishop Mundelein came to his life's great labors—but he was ready for them. Already a consecrated bishop, he had experience as a pastor, as a college director, as a chancellor, as a builder, as an organizer, even as a newspaper man; and out of this experience he had learned the great lesson—how to gain good will, the first necessity

if one is to find the things with which works are to be done.

Archbishop Mundelein did not find it hard to secure his materials. No one who could help him failed to see that his devotion was for the cause and not for himself. That sort of devotion always wins friends and helpers. He was never afraid to ask, because he was never asking selfishly. When he spoke it was always for the cause he had to champion, for the country, for the state, for the city. People understand this kind of devotion and respond to it. So the materials came and the works went on.

But Archbishop Mundelein was never over-confident, for he neglected nothing. Even this book has its task. The Archbishop consented to its publication on one condition: that it should produce materials for one of the works. So he selected a poor parish in the Archdiocese that needed outside help and to that parish he gave the royalties from the sale of the book. Everything has to be turned into a help. Thus a poor school will absorb all the royalties the Archbishop might justly claim for himself.

The above may well make those who wonder at the success of the Archbishop's first two years in Chicago understand that there is really nothing to be wondered at after all. Even though his appointment to Chicago was a surprise, the biggest of all to himself, he was ready for it when it came. He had built up the character of a captain, and had nothing to do but assume the uniform and step onto the bridge. He was out on the great lake before he knew of the change; and was at home there as much as he had been at home on the peaceful river. The green shores of the river had long been for him a glad content as he sailed along; but, now that they were far off, he did not miss them after the first parting. The indigo mountains behind them were his friends of old; but even on the lake they loomed up in the distance, turned to grey, and were still inspiration to great deeds. Peaceful ripples changed to rocking waves; but there is nothing to fear when the Captain has learned wisely and well. There is a new crew; but crews often change, and it is not the crew that counts, but the successful end of the voyage.

Every ship carries her log, which is the story of the ship's voyages and accomplishments. This book, containing appeals, counsels, prayers and exhortations to labor, is a copious extract from the log of Archbishop Mundelein's command for two years. Like a ship's log, it tells the story better than any individual could tell it; for the captain wrote the log not to praise himself, never dreaming that it would be published, and thus unconsciously wrote it in the very best way.

This "log" gives the sympathetic reader an idea of the many duties and responsibilities incident to the governing of a great diocese. It begins with farewells that have "heart" in them. The Archbishop had but one parish in all his priestly life. For that parish he worked in the intervals between his calls to duty as Auxiliary-Bishop and Chancellor of the Diocese of Brooklyn, head of the Preparatory Seminary, founder of a seaside parish, and Chairman of the Board of Directors of the diocesan paper. There were minor duties, too, claiming time and attention. The immediate work for souls in the Cathedral Chapel parish was his

pride and joy. There he built a monument to the glory of God, the devotion of his people, and his own zeal and artistic taste. The people of the parish wanted a church building; the pastor wanted a school, but knew how to compromise with two great necessities, and satisfy both the demands of his flock and the wishes of his own heart. He built both church and school, and even a rectory—all in one. Such buildings are usually anything but attractive. Archbishop Mundelein's building is an artistic triumph. Its wonderful French-Gothic lines attract students of architecture from far and wide. They come to admire and to study. The building is the purest specimen of its kind in Brooklyn, which is known as "The City of Churches." The Archbishop became Captain in his own right; he had to say his word of farewell to the faithful crew who manned his parish ship. That farewell is a model of touching kindness and affection; but it was not entirely a farewell, since, in the beautiful building, he was leaving a monument that would always speak of his constant interest in his first parish. The monument was a part of himself, left behind.

To the clergy of Brooklyn Archbishop Mundelein had never been a superior in the full sense of the word; but had always been a friend and counsellor. As the "first officer" stands between captain and crew, he stood a friend to bishop and clergy. He had never been looked upon by the priests as one who had left their ranks to go higher; but as one who had gone higher without leaving their ranks, and now exerted a sort of prefectship. Such an intimate relation could not be broken without pain. Its presence is felt in the Archbishop's farewell to the priests; but there is something else besides. There is a note of genuine loyalty to his former superior in it, and an expression of affection for the captain and the ship from which he was stepping to higher command, which explain a great deal in the Archbishop's successful career.

Just as striking were the new Archbishop's words in Chicago, especially to his priests. The crew of a ship never take any part in the selection of their captain. Even the officers may claim no right to fill this commanding position when it becomes vacant. The owners, their representatives, or the admi-

ral of the fleet, have that duty and responsibility. But the very fact that officers and crew have nothing to do with the selection of a new captain makes them the more anxious to see and hear the one selected for them by higher authority. So much depends, for wholehearted co-operation, on the impression made by wise words and actions at the beginning that superiors have been known to blast all their chances of success for want of them. The initial words of a superior are not spoken only for a day: they are words that live during the whole period of his rule. The Church charges the Supreme Pontiff with the duty and responsibility of selecting her bishops. She gives authority generously into their hands, for she trusts them. Every care is taken in making selections; for, once made, rarely are they recalled. In sickness and in health, in sorrow and in joy, in darkness and in sunshine, the bishop remains with his flock. His part of the Church Universal is to him a spouse: and he must cleave to her, as she must cleave to him, until death. Ships' captains frequently change, but the changeless Church, even in the tenure of of-

fice of her captains, gives plain indications of her character. Because of these things, the first words of a bishop to his flock are words of singular fatefulness—to himself, to his ministry, to his clergy, to his people.

The promise of Archbishop Mundelein's administration is clearly outlined in his first address, delivered in the Holy Name Cathedral: loyalty to his own superiors, fidelity to his charge, appreciation of meritorious service, respect and admiration for his predecessors, humility before his great tasks, determination to do his best, confidence that God's grace will not fail him, anxiety to deserve and win co-operation from his clergy, and a full knowledge of the value, above all else, of the prayers of his people. These things shine out in his first address like white jewels against a background of dark velvet. The task of a ruler of such a great diocese as Chicago is soft only to the careless touch; beneath is the hard-fibred cloth that holds the silken pile, and there is no cheerfulness in its texture.

There is an intimate relation between the passengers, the officers and the captain of every ship; for while the former

have no duties of management and navigation, yet in times of danger much depends on their self-discipline, their co-operation, their loyalty. Captain and officers are charged with guarding the safety of the passengers, and in fidelity to this task lies their own and the crew's safety. The unwritten law of the sea says that when the ship is in grave danger the officers shall be the last body to leave, and, of that body, the captain the last of all. So it must be in the Church. By the happy simile of Christ Himself is the law laid down: "The good shepherd giveth his life for his sheep." Archbishop Mundelein's first direct message to the clergy of his diocese was a message to inspire a fine morale.

It is the vogue amongst those outside of the pale of the Catholic Church to admire her wonderful organization, and salute her as the greatest of human institutions. It never occurs to them that, on the side of faith and morals, the wonder of the Church is explained by the fact that she is not human, but divine. She is built upon the authority of God Himself, Who gave to His Son, our Lord Jesus Christ, the mission of

bringing her into existence, and to the Holy Ghost the work of teaching her "all things" and remaining with her "forever."

It was Christ Himself Who chose St. Peter to rule over her and, "being converted," to confirm "his brethren." It was Peter who first, after Christ, governed the Church which he had founded. It was through the successors of Peter that the authority to teach was preserved; but the Power that preserved it was that of the Most High. The long and venerable succession of Roman Pontiffs challenges the admiration of the world; but that admiration is less for the men who successively grasped the keys than for the providence and love of God by Whom they were directed. Loyalty, affection and obedience are due the successor of St. Peter, the Vicar of Christ. The Archbishop sounded these notes admirably in all his utterances on the Holy Father.

The subsequent utterances of the Archbishop show his wide sympathies, his genuine pariotism, and his practical leadership. They show the man, and explain his two years of marvelous suc-

cess in one of the greatest sees of the Christian world. He has won his way just as surely as his way has won him. Coming a stranger to the West, he is a stranger no longer. He loves his new home as strongly as he loved his old one—more strongly if that be possible. In the West he has had his opportunity, and has not hesitated about grasping it. The West gave him a chance to realize his dreams of work for God. He found its priests and people as anxious to co-operate as he was to work and lead. "They do not wait to be asked," he said of them, "but come to know what they can do." Out of the spirit of the West the Archbishop has already builded his new monuments, is building them to-day, and will keep on building them in the future. Already the Preparatory Seminary rivals in beauty the magnificent Cathedral Chapel of Brooklyn. The land is ready for the Grand Seminary. The diocesan charities are organized. The Archdiocese has, through him, its proper place—first in the world's offerings to the Vicar of Christ. The poor and the orphan are housed. New schools are built; Catholic educa-

tion is properly directed; and every worthy work flourishes.

Someone, when welcoming Archbishop Mundelein two years ago, quoted one stanza from the poems of Douglas Mallock, which seemed particularly appropriate then, and which all Chicago hoped would prove prophetic. I quote it now to show that the hope has already been realized:

"There in the East we dreamed the dreams
Of the things we hoped to do;
But here in the West, the crimson West,
The dreams of the East come true."

Part I

ADDRESSES AND SERMONS

Farewell Address to the People of the Cathedral Chapel Parish, Brooklyn, New York, January 31st, 1916

Have you ever heard a fond parent speak of a dutiful child when it came to the time of parting: "I never raised a hand to him. I never had to scold him"? That is precisely the tribute I must pay to the chapel people, now that I am about to leave them. The Chapel has been like a splendid, generous, well-behaved and loving child that responded to every call, that was always obedient, unselfish and kind, that was never reproved or scolded once during the six and a half years it was under my parental care. And now when I go away from you, I go away with not a single unpleasant recollection, without the memory of a single bitter moment, with only the remembrance of six splendid years of friendship, of satisfaction, of success. You have been an inspiration to me in my happiest years; you have strengthened my faith in the great

worth of our laity; you have been evidence that the spirit of our crusader ancestors has not withered away with the passing of time; you have made a new record for generous faith which will not soon be surpassed; you have given to the Lord and to His house with such a measure of liberality as has excited wonder and admiration. I do not think I shall ever again see such liberal response to priests' or bishops' appeal as was yours. So, going away, I leave two things with you,—the knowledge that your name and fame have gone abroad over the land for what you have done; and secondly, the belief that in this country of ours there is no church or chapel as pretty, as devotional, as artistic as yours. Just think for a moment what we have done in six years.

Six years ago we had the little old chapel and no school; we had practically nothing in the treasury. Today, besides our beautiful church, we have a complete parish-school with a splendid teaching-staff of Brothers and Sisters second to no other teachers in the country. We have an auditorium of which we are proud, well-equipped for every purpose of education or entertainment.

Our teaching Brothers have a well-furnished monastery of their own; and finally, we have, on the way to completion, a rectory that will accommodate six priests, if necessary, with every comfort and convenience. Our building operations have cost more than half a million dollars, and of this amount over three hundred thousand dollars has been raised and paid out during this time. Sixty thousand dollars of this sum were contributed by a gentleman formerly connected with the parish, who wishes to remain unnamed and unknown to all but myself.

The result, moreover, has been progress all along the line. We have our various societies and parish activities; all are well attended. I know but two families whose children are not in our schools or in some Catholic private school. Our pew-list is the second largest in the city. Our children well-behaved, respectful, edifying. Our priests, brothers and sisters are harmonious, zealous, obliging. Nobody wants to leave us. Our various parochial services are attractive, because the church is clean and commodious. Our music is devotional

and inspiring. Our priests are willing and conscientious. Just when I was getting everything to that satisfactory stage that I desired, suddenly the Holy See calls me and sends me far away. I have received the official documents; the Sacred Pallium has arrived; and within a week I go to the new field of labor assigned to me. Before I do go, however, I have two things to say to you—a double duty to perform here.

In the first place, during all these years, I have ever insisted that the great work here was yours, the credit yours, not mine,—I was only part of you—that the progress was due to your splendid parochial spirit. I still insist that this is true. I want you to bear me out. I do not know who is going to be your pastor; but whoever he is, his path will not be too easy for a while. He will be different from me. He may have his own methods. Perhaps these methods in the end will be better than mine. Now, I would ask you to be kind to him, considerate of him. There is a heavy debt here. For me it would not have amounted to much, for I knew you and knew what you could do. I started out

with the idea, too, that one generation should not pay for everything. But it will not be so easy for him, for everything is built now, and it is harder to pay off debts than to get money while building. I never thought I was ever to be taken away from Brooklyn except by death; otherwise I might have gone slower. So for my sake, to show the city and the diocese that you are the great parish I said you were, stand by him and support him. When he appeals to you, help him all you can. Just look around you and see what you have, and, if he asks you to do more than your neighbors, bear in mind you have more than your neighbors. In the second place, I want to thank you for what you have done during these years, and to assure you that I can never forget you. The Chapel will always be first in my affection, because I shall never be as close to a people as I have been to you. You are my first and my only parish. Nor—I repeat it—will a people again do what you have done. I will think of you as proudly and as fondly as a parent of an absent, dutiful child.

I want to thank you for what you have given to me personally, the respect

you have shown, the consideration you have had, the gifts you have made to me. Generous you were as individuals, generous as a parish. I am glad to receive from you the archbishop's ring: it will always remind me of you: it is the principal outward sign of my high office: it is always in sight: it will ever make me remember—could I forget?—the people who were my people, the children who were my children, the parish that was mine. I will not say good-bye, for I am coming back from time to time, and I hope I shall never be a stranger to you, a stranger to your thoughts, a stranger to your prayers. And I will not forget that my duty to pray for you does not cease because I leave you; but, should I forget, your ring will remind me. I will ask the Lord to stay with you, to bless you and your children, and so make this parish one of the happiest spots in His vineyard.

Farewell Address to the Clergy of the Diocese of Brooklyn, New York, February 2nd, 1916

Tonight forms the fitting climax of the past twenty years. They have been years replete with favors, with kindness, with consideration. I have passed them all in closest touch with the clergy of this diocese. I have known them, the priests of Brooklyn, better than any one else could know them, better perhaps than their own bishop could know them, because I was closer to them and they were more frank, more open with me. The older priests have been my friends who often came to me for advice. Many of those of my own age were my classmates. Others had come to me with their troubles. The younger men remember me as the guardian of the portals of the Seminary; and the youngest recall the day when they received from my hands their Minor and their Sacred Orders. With all of them there was some bond to link me to them, some event in their lives in which I had played a part. All my own priestly life was spent here, and I can assure you without any reserve, that life has been most happy, its days full of consolation, its

relations with all the most pleasant. So when, on the last day of last November, the summons came that takes me away from this clergy here, I knew I was not the only one who felt sad at the prospect of parting. I know that the bishop who was my superior and friend felt sad; the priests who had been brothers, comrades, friends, felt sad, because I was not to stay with them longer.

As for myself, but a few months ago I never dreamt I was to leave Brooklyn; but once I learned the Holy Father himself had called me, I put aside every personal sentiment, all feelings of regret; and I go to my new field of labor just as cheerfully as I attempted every other venture. The lessons I have learned here in Brooklyn will stand me in good stead. The problems I am to meet in Chicago will be pretty much the same problems that I have met here in my years in the Chancery Office, at my sessions about the Consultors' table, in my dealings with you. I go away with the pleasantest recollections of you; and I know you will keep the kindest memories of me in your hearts. For many of you I have been in a position to make the way easier. Others of you

have entrusted to me confidences that have ever been kept inviolate. With all I have preserved friendly relations. Going away from you, I have the satisfaction of knowing that I tried to act fairly, and that I have not injured any of my fellow-priests for personal or selfish reasons. But one thing must be remembered: The responsibility during all this time was not mine; it rested on other shoulders. The honors were mine, the dignity was mine, even the work might be mine, but the burden was on others. That was why I could afford to be happy and have, as I really did have, a good time. Nor was I looking for any change. You know as well as I do that I was satisfied as I was. Now all that is changed. Suddenly, without warning, a million souls are handed over to me. I am sent to the place on which the searchlight is ever trained, to the diocese which is growing perhaps faster than any other in the country, to a stronghold of the faith, to a post of the greatest responsibility, to a city that has many problems to be solved, many works to be inaugurated, many structures to be built. It is a prospect that might cause the stoutest

heart to flinch, the bravest man to falter, for, in Chicago above all, so much depends upon the man,—their archbishop means so much to the West! And yet let me say to you, my friends and fellow-priests, I go there with a full realization of what it means, but without any fear for the outcome. I am going there full of courage, full of hope, full of confidence. I am not going to fail, for this is a case where the position was not sought. I did not ask to go, I was not asked whether I would go. It is simply "vos non elegistis me, sed ego elegi vos". I am just old-fashioned enough to believe that God can do what He wants to, as He wants to, and through whom He wants to; and I am just an instrument in His hands now to do what He wants to do.

I say this to explain to you why it is that I do not feel gloomy or sad or sorrowful in leaving you. I believe in practising what we all preach. In the past six years I told eighty thousand children that their first duty as Christian soldiers was to be obedient to their superiors; and now my turn has come to show myself as good a soldier as any of them. You know me well enough to

know that the honor of the place does not appeal to me. The one thing that does appeal to me, is that an opportunity to do big things, such as has rarely been given to any man, is given to me. One thing I would recommend to you: since your bishop is mine no longer (and he is going to miss me in many ways), I would ask you, his clergy, to supply my place by making things easy for him until he has some one to take my place. He is no longer a young man; he is not quite a well man. He requires more kindness from his clergy now than ever: that is the one favor I would ask of you. I will not say good-bye to you. Come to Chicago and say good-bye to me there. But count me part of you still. My happiest years were spent with you. I could not forget you if I would. For twenty years I have received nothing but favors, nothing but kindness from you all. Tonight is but the culmination, the climax of it. I had hoped to end my days with you, after years of usefulness in your midst, but the Lord has willed otherwise—*Fiat voluntas tua!*

Installation Allocution in the Cathedral of The Holy Name, Chicago, in the Presence of His Excellency, the Apostolic Delegate, the Bishops of the Province, and Visiting Prelates, February 9th, 1916

Your Excellency: Let my first act, after taking possession of this Metropolitan Church of Chicago, be to welcome among us the representative of our Holy Father. To him, our Sovereign Pontiff, I pledge for myself, for my clergy, and for my people, absolute, unswerving loyalty, obedience, and devotion. His word is our law, his wish our command, his welfare our personal concern. In him we recognize Christ's Vicar on earth, the infallible teacher of divine truth, the keeper of the keys of the Kingdom of Heaven. To him and to his predecessors in the chair of Peter, I am bound by the closest ties of gratitude. The great Leo blessed me as a young priest and sent me forth on my mission; the lovable Pius raised me to the episcopate, and now the gentle, peace-seeking Benedict gives me the greatest proof of his confidence when he entrusts to my guidance one of the most important dioceses in the world.

To him I do now pledge loyalty and devotion until death. Thou art the chief shepherd of His flock, thou prince of the Apostles.

But there is another, a more intimate reason why I welcome you here today. You and I were friends when we were simple, unknown priests. Nothing has ever marred that friendship, nor lessened the warm regard and kindly feeling we have had for each other. I was the first to greet you when you came to these shores, and you were the first to wish me well as the pastor selected for a great diocese. There is no one I know from whose hands I would rather receive the archbishop's Pallium than from you. In the difficult years that lie before me, I will ever have your good wishes, your fraternal advice, your unselfish assistance, as in the past I have had your prayers.

And to my brethren of the episcopate, the Most Reverend Archbishops and the Right Reverend Bishops who have come, many from a distance, all at great sacrifice, I am deeply grateful, for, by their presence here, they have honored the Church of Chicago, its clergy, its people, its city.

And to you, priests of the archdiocese of Chicago, to you I come today as the man selected by God to be your bishop, your leader, your spiritual father. By the inscrutable design of Providence and because of no merit of my own, I have been chosen as the one *"quem Spiritus Sanctus posuit regere hanc ecclesiam Dei."* The task is one I did not seek, one from which I would gladly shrink, not only because of the vastness of the work and the difficulties in the way, not only because of my own youth, inexperience and unworthiness, but also because I follow in the footsteps of an archbishop whose life was a sacrifice, whose example was an incentive, whose memory is a benediction. When in that, to me, memorable night the message came from him who represents in our midst Christ's Vicar on earth, that the Pallium of Chicago was to rest on my shoulders, from my very soul I cried out, as I knelt before the Master, "How can I follow after the great Quigley, the prelate who has written his name large across the history of this wonderful diocese of the middle west; how can my weak hands take up the guiding reins where his palsied

fingers have laid them down?" And then almost like an inspiration came to me the thought of how quietly but how well he had done his work, how he had prepared the ground for the one that would come after him, how he had finished what he had begun and how richly God had blessed his work.

Fathers, have you ever realized how good God has been to the Church in Chicago; how it has become one of the choice spots in His vineyard? When I count the hundreds of churches scattered throughout our city; when I review the great army of children in our schools; when I consider the splendid equipment to care for the sick, the orphaned and the destitute; when I number the homes of the religious orders—so many nurseries of the more perfect life—when I see you, my priests, the captains of a mighty host, almost too numerous to count, gathered together from many countries and many climes and speaking many tongues, then do my eyes see the vision of the Epiphany and to my lips rise the words of the prophet: "Arise, be enlightened, for thy light is come and the glory of God is risen upon

thee. Lift up thy eyes round about and see all these are gathered together; they are come to thee; thy sons shall come from afar and thy daughters shall rise up at thy side. Then shalt thou see and abound and thy heart shall wonder and be enlarged."

Fathers, this is more than a vision, this is a picture of our glorious here-spread of God's kingdom; never was greater opportunity given for the spread of God's kingdom; never was there better chance to work for His glory; never was there a brighter outlook for a harvest of souls than you and I have here in Chicago. What fools we would be to let sordid ambition, to let a lack of unity, to let a spirit of neglect and indifference blight the wonderful harvest that is preparing before our eyes. My life and yours count for little where God's glory is concerned. Were I to spend my strength and energy in a few years what a small price it would be to pay for the fruits I can gather! So I come to you, even as came my predecessor, to give the best that is in me, my strength, my youth, my energy, my life—to lay them all on God's altar this morning for the Church

of Chicago; *ad sacrificandum Domino veni.* But without you I am powerless, my work would be sterile, my efforts lifeless. I need you. I need all of you, and I need you so much. I want you to stand behind me, to hold up my hands, to cover with the mantle of your charity my faults and my shortcomings. When you render to me your obedience, let it be with the promise exacted from you in your ordination. To you has been given a people than whom there is none more loyal, none more generous, none more willing. Whether they have come from the green hills of Ireland, from the clean little towns of Germany or France, from the now war-scarred plains of Poland, or whether they first opened their eyes in this land of the free, they form here this great city, the obedient sons and daughters of Mother Church, and the best element of our citizenship. You, the 800 priests of this diocese, are their guardians. Keep them, do not lose them. Fathers, do not let them become estranged because of any fault of your own, because of neglect in teaching or default in good example. If we do, God will surely ask

their souls at our hands at the judgment seat.

And you, my people, who today become my sons and daughters, children of the great family committed to my care! The Divine Spirit sent me to you to be the pastor of your souls. The Lord has placed a heavy cross on willing but weak shoulders. Some day, perhaps not far distant, this city will be in mourning, these churches darkened, and before this altar will rest all that is mortal of the third Archbishop of Chicago. Then will his spirit have passed before the scrutinizing eye of the Almighty and the accounting he must then give will be for a million and a quarter souls. From the moment that the word came to me that I must go to you, this picture has never been far distant from my mind. It is the last thought to leave me at night, the first to greet me in the morning. Oh, if you only knew what a crushing weight this awful responsibility is, how unbearable it would be for a poor, weak man, were it not for the consciousness that your prayers never cease to lighten the burden! It is the supplications of hundreds of consecrated virgins that

move the Sacred Heart of the Master to pity his humble servant. It is the pleadings of the poor, the sick, the orphaned, the penitent, that cry to the Great Good Shepherd that He may comfort their protector. It is the lisping prayers of more than one hundred thousand little children that pierce the clouds and reach the very throne of God, that He may strengthen their archbishop. And so, in the knowledge that, like the Apostle, I can do all things in Him that strengthens me, I will not falter, but with God's grace and your help, will bear without murmur the burden placed on my shoulders until the end.

With one voice your priests have told me that I come to the most generous people in the world. Show yourselves that to me always, generous in your sympathy, generous in your support—and then stay with me always. In good times or in bad, in certainty or in doubt, stand loyally by your bishop; let nobody, let nothing part you from him. Christ's words come ringing down through the ages, for they were meant as much for the successors of the Apostles as for the Apostles them-

selves: "He that heareth you heareth Me: He that despiseth you despiseth Me." A little while ago, in the hushed silence that followed the moment of Consecration in the Mass, I could almost hear the whispered voice of our Sacramental Saviour as He breathed over us the prayer He uttered over His Apostles just before He began His passion: "Father, I pray for them, I pray not for the world, but for them whom Thou hast given Me because they are Thine. As Thou has sent Me into the world I have also sent them into the world. And not for them only do I pray, but for them also who through their word shall believe in Me, that they all may be one, as Thou, Father, in Me and I in Thee, that they also may be one in Us, that the world may believe that Thou hast sent Me." That we may be one, one in all things, one at all times, that as we are one in faith and doctrine, so we may be one in work, one in charity—bishop, priests and people, one here and there. You remember that one splendid sentence in the Epistle of All Saints' Day: "And then I saw a great crowd that no man could count, of all nations and tribes and

peoples and tongues, standing before the throne in sight of the Lamb, clothed in white robes and palms in their hands." The great Church of Chicago, gathered from the nations of the earth —that it may be there, bishops, priests and people—that we may all be one there, when you and I pass from the Church Militant—God grant that it be to the Church Triumphant, to the great white throne of Heaven, to chant God's praises forever and forever!

Address at Noon Reception of the Clergy, February 9th, 1916

I would hardly be human were I to remain unmoved by the warmth of your welcome, and I would be ungrateful did I not give some expression of my deep appreciation of your kindly feelings. It would be unwise and useless to make extravagant promises now, but one thing I can assure you, in the moments of loneliness that sometimes come to all of us and especially to those in high places, the memory of the warmth of your reception and the heartiness of the welcome of your peoples to me will cheer and comfort me for many years to come. But yesterday I left home and kindred and the dearest friends man ever had, and abandoned the fruits of many years of labor, but I did so without regrets, for today the Lord has united me to the spouse He had selected for me for eternity, to the wonderful Church of Chicago, to her and to her children. I will, with God's help, remain faithful until death do us part.

And now let me say one thing to comfort you, priests of the archdiocese,

and I say it here in the presence of His Excellency, the Apostolic Delegate. For a great, proud diocese like ours, practically the first in the country, it is a test of loyalty and obedience to receive as its head an obscure bishop from a distance. I know of no diocese in the east that could have stood the test so nobly as did Chicago. Gentlemen, I am proud of you. Although a stranger to almost every one of you, the diocese, almost to a man, prepared to welcome the new archbishop warmly, saying, "Whom the Lord sends us will be welcome." Let me tell you that examples of this kind do much to convince our non-Catholic brethren, as well as our own people, that our profession of loyalty to the Holy See is not lip-service, but comes from the depths of our being, with the entire power of our will and all the warmth of our hearts.

And now from the clergy of this archdiocese I am going to ask a favor today. I am going to take advantage of the warmth of your welcome to ask you to be patient with me and to have consideration for me. Remember this is the first day I have

spent in your city. It will take me time to study the diocese and its circumstances. Rome was not built in a day, and I don't expect to accomplish much for awhile. I must first study men and study conditions. Secondly, I am different from the late archbishop—the Lord cast me in a different mould. Perhaps I am quicker in grasping a thing, and am likely to act more quickly, so don't judge at once that I have not attached enough weight to your case. And if I seem to hurry you a little when you call, it is not that I am not interested in you, but perhaps because others may be waiting and waiting impatiently. Finally, remember I have a bad memory for names and faces, so if I a second or a third time ask your name, lay the blame to a leaky memory rather than to a cold heart.

Secondly, be considerate with me. You will find me very human—and it is human to err. I am going to make mistakes. But I am your archbishop and I look to my priests to cover up my mistakes, not to expose, to discuss, or to criticize them. To whom else can I look for such consideration? Your archbishop is the one man in this town

who is constantly in the spotlight. Shield him as much as you can. Have consideration for him and he is likely to be considerate with you. I come here to you because I have been sent to you by the same power that sent Patrick to Ireland, Boniface to Germany, Augustine to England. And, like them, I came here to labor for you and with you. I have been told by many of the Bishops that I come to the most difficult and most thorny portion of the Lord's vineyard. But let me assure you that my sincere, my honest conviction is that I am coming to the most fertile portion, to the part promising the greatest, the richest, the most golden harvest of souls. And so, I come not here to obtain a reputation, for a reputation is only a gossamer web which a sudden gust blows away. I came not here for popular favor, for popular favor today is and tomorrow has vanished. I come not here to look for honors, for the highest honor in the gift of the Holy See is to be Archbishop of Chicago. I repeat, I come to labor with you. We are both sowers of the seed, you and I, and all that we hope for, our whole ambition, is wrapped up

and contained in that one Biblical sentence, — "And some fell on good ground, and having taken root, brought forth fruit in abundance."

Address in Reply to the Welcome of the Laity of the Archdiocese, Delivered in the Auditorium, Chicago, February 13th, 1916

To recall to memory a scene similar to this you must go back far in the history of the Church, yes, back to the days of the Apostles themselves. Then it was that the Prince of the Apostles, Peter, and his companions appeared in the streets of Jerusalem, just after the Holy Ghost had confirmed them in the mission Christ had given them. There these first Bishops of the Church spoke the message of salvation to thousands who had come from other lands, and who spoke in divers tongues. Though the spokesman of the Apostles, our Lord addressed Himself to them in his native tongue; yet all of them understood His message.

But a few days ago the eighth bishop of this See since its erection, and its third Archbishop, presented himself in your Cathedral church and caused to be read to the gathered priests and people the commission that had been given to him by Christ's Vicar on earth, —a commission to be the pastor of more than a million souls, and the

bishop of one of the greatest churches in Christendom. Tonight, as one of the true successors of those first Apostles, I —that pastor and bishop—come before this great crowd of people, who represent more nations and tongues than were gathered in Jerusalem's streets on Pentecostal day; and behold the same event is again repeated. For, while you may speak to me and to each other in many tongues, yet my greeting to you, spoken in the language of my motherland, reaches every one of you, and the import of its every word sinks deep down into all your hearts, for you know it is the voice of your bishop, the words of him whose flock you are. Now you know his voice, you have seen his face, and you have given him your loyal pledge. No words can tell my gratitude for this wonderful demonstration. It is the one thing I desired, the sole thing I longed for, the only request I made—that I might see as many of my people as I could and that I might see them before all others.

All my priestly life has been spent in close touch with the people. I had thought up to a few weeks ago of each act of these twenty years, of the men

and women I had helped, of the children I had instructed and confirmed, as a matter of course, as just a part of duty, as simply an incident of the daily routine. But for days, lately, the police have halted traffic just to shake hands and say good-bye, the clerks in the stores have expressed their sorrow at my going, millionaires have called to pay their final respects, the editors of every Brooklyn paper have written me their regrets, bank presidents have sent messages of farewell, and scores of childish scrawls have told me that I had the children's prayers. It has been just one long cry of God-speed, good-bye. It has been the farewell of many friends gathered by twenty years of work for a people, a loving group, waiting by the wayside to watch grow smaller and finally disappear in the distance the lonely figure of a departing friend.

But do not think that I felt sorrowful! I was coming to a people of my own, a people who belong to me, because God has given them to me, a people gathered from the nations of the earth; speaking many tongues, but united in their faith to God, in their

allegiance to our Holy Father, in their loyalty to their bishop. He has given them to me, a young man, that I might mould them, that I might lead them, that I might teach them, that I might labor for them and with them. He has prepared me for this work. He has trained me in the parts of His service. He has been with me as simple priest, as diocesan official, as parish pastor, as assistant bishop, that I might prove a fit instrument for His work. All through my life have I seen, as with my opened eyes, His guiding hand. And now I know why. God has raised me from an obscure, unknown Bishop from far away, to what is probably the most important position in the Church of this country. And now I assure you most solemnly, should I ever fail to do His will, to accomplish great things for Him, then it is entirely my own fault.

Why is it then that I come so gladly to Chicago? Not for the honor of the position, for that does not attract me; not for the power of the place, for power means responsibility, and that I would shun, if I could; not for the difficulties in the way, for they do not

frighten me. But the one thing that appeals to me and yet causes me to fear, is that to the Archbishop of Chicago is now given such wonderful opportunity, such tremendous possibilities of doing great and good things for God and fellowman, as is rarely given to a human being. Do you know what that means? It means that I am like the servant in the gospel, to whom five talents have been given, and when the hour strikes, and the time has come that I may no longer work, the Master will expect me to bring back another five talents in addition, the fruits of my labors, otherwise I shall be adjudged an unprofitable servant. Never, in our country at least, was a heavier burden placed on one man's shoulders.

Were I to attempt to carry it alone, I should soon stagger and fall under its weight, as did my Master on the climb to Calvary's height. Last Wednesday I appealed to my priests to help me carry it. Tonight I appeal to my children, young and old, to lighten its burden. First, pray for me, pray for me always. No one needs it more. I know you will, for otherwise you would

not be the dutiful children I think you are.

Then, if I can read the signs of the times, it won't be all clear sailing. And if I see aright, no bishop of Chicago ever needed the help, the backing, the support of the laity more than I. Plans are maturing, schemes are developing, and attacks are preparing to pull down the work of years. I don't want to be a pessimist. I do not know whether there be any such danger threatening us in this city or this state. But did it ever come, I would rest neither day nor night until I had roused every Catholic man with the spark of faith in his soul. And let me add that, among the foremost to help us, would be the decent people of our city who are not of our faith, for they would recognize that the great conservative force for law and order, the great bulwark against anarchy, the great preventative agency against crime in our cities, is the old Catholic Church. Pull it down, destroy it tomorrow, close its schools and its charitable institutions, and you might just as well get ready to meet the cyclone of crime, the reign of terror that would sweep our

city, raze its walls, blot out its people. This is no exaggeration, every thinking man knows it; and so every well-meaning Chicago citizen would stand by us if danger threatened, and if such danger were made known to him.

No citizen has entered your city who was so kindly received as your archbishop. No ruler, temporal or spiritual, was ever more enthusiastically greeted. No one has ever come from whom the city has hoped more, from whom the press has awaited more, in whom the people have trusted more than your archbishop. Will you, my people, help me to show myself appreciative by supporting my efforts to make our city better spiritually, hence safer materially; to make Chicago more beautiful in its religious edifices; to make our city, our homes, our people, more attractive by giving the young instruction, by giving the poor assistance, by giving the sick relief, by giving us all a deeper faith, a broader charity, a stronger bond with God, with the home, with the family, with our neighbor?

I would be ungrateful and discourteous did I not pause in reverent

silence at the name of my late lamented predecessor, Archibishop Quigley. But I will not tarry, for the time approaches when I will bring his name permanently and prominently before every man, woman and child in the diocese.

And now from the depths of my heart I pray Almighty God to bless you,—your homes and your families,—that His blessing may be fruitful of every good for you now, and in the future. May the blessing of Almighty God, Father, Son and Holy Ghost, descend upon you all and abide with you forever.

Address at the Dedication of the Church-School of Our Lady of Solace, Chicago, October 21st, 1917

On the lava-scarred slopes of Mt. Vesuvius there cling a cluster of tiny villages, where the rumble of the underground thunder is often heard, and where sometimes the red-hot ashes from the volcano's mouth come rolling down almost to the very thresholds. A generation ago a number of inhabitants of one of these villages came to this country, and with a clannishness peculiar to these people, kept together and settled down on a strip of sand at the ocean's edge. When they asked for a priest, a companion of mine, a boy of Irish name and descent, but who spoke their language,—one of the most devoted and saintly men I have ever known,—was assigned to them. They had one request: they wanted the mission named after the shrine of their village, and so this became, I believe, the first church of Our Lady of Solace in this country.

About a dozen years ago, in company with this priest, I visited San Valentino Torio, their native village.

As soon as we left the railroad car, we found ourselves back in the Middle Ages. The houses, the food, the people, their customs, their very clothes were medieval. We seemed to have turned back time. Only we two were modern. Everything else seemed to be as before the days of electricity, of steam power, of printing presses. Time seemed to be of no value to these people, everybody appeared care-free, notwithstanding the fact that right there above them hung the menace, a veritable pillar of smoke by day, and a sheet of flame by night, that had buried thousands of men in the past, and would probably some day bury thousands of others.

With almost the entire population of the place at our heels, we visited the shrine, and there said a prayer before the ancient picture of the Madonna of the Consolazione, Our Lady of Solace. She is represented as seated on a throne, with the Infant Saviour on her knee, and the angels bringing to her the souls freshly liberated from the fires of purgatory.

The memory of that visit has always remained vividly with me, and it seemed to me, after coming to this

thoroughly up-to-date city, to this giant human bee-hive, where the workers are ever toiling, this place which is never quiet, where the good and the bad, the virtuous and the sinful are found in every quarter, on almost every street, that here, too, there should be a little shrine of Our Lady of Solace. For, even if it accomplishes nothing else, it would at least serve to remind us of the dear ones who have gone before and who are perhaps cleansing their wedding garments from the mud-spots of their journey on the road of life, in the purging fires of purgatory. It would remind us of the Church Suffering that we may help, and that will cheerfully and surely reciprocate by praying for us. But more than all, it honors Our Blessed Mother under one of her most beautiful and most merciful of titles. It shows her to us, as the almoner of her Divine Son, as the giver of graces, as the dispenser of His pardons. It makes her dearer and more important to us, for it reminds us of her power, of her favor, of her influence with her beloved Son.

This is the history and the significance of the title-name of your church.

How pleased and how proud you people should be to have as your special patroness Our Blessed Mother, not as the Queen of the Angels and the Saints, but as the simple, the sympathetic, the trustful Lady of Solace! I congratulate your pastor, Father O'Shea, for to-day one of his dearest hopes is realized, in his own little church, of which he is the founder and builder. I congratulate you, his people, because you have so cheerfully and so harmoniously co-operated with him, and have made this crowning achievement possible. You are not wealthy people, nor are you many in number, but you have worked together, and you have tried to do your best, and in this way you have succeeded.

And to be candid with you, I congratulate you even more heartily on your little School than on your Church. A school in a parish like this is like an anchor that steadies and holds the boat. A school will insure the continuation of a parish more than anything else can. More than that, it is the junior church, for the ministry of Christ, as contained in His teachings, is continued there on week-days even as on Sundays here. Moreover, it is the

place where the parent is relieved of part of the burden of responsibility, where it is taken up by the priests and the sisters. Finally, here too will your children be under the special protection of Our Divine Lord and His Blessed Mother, for here Christ Himself dwells in their midst in the Sacrament of His love, and here is the house that is named in His Mother's honor. Cherish and love, then, this your little church and school. Look upon it as your own, your Father's house. Help to keep it neat. Come often and visit here. Pour out your heart here in your trouble. Ask for counsel here when in doubt. Beg pardon here when you have erred. Then will this place be for you a treasury of consolation, then will Our Lady give you solace, strength and grace on your journey here and keep you ready for the joy and glory of the eternal hereafter in Heaven.

Address at the Dedication of the Church-School St. Thomas of Canterbury, Chicago, June 24th, 1917

I take a special pleasure to-day in dedicating this church building to the service of God. The first parish I formed after coming into the diocese was this parish of St. Thomas of Canterbury. In giving it this name, I looked through the calendar of the Saints. I found that your St. Thomas was the only one who had been a chancellor, had then become an archbishop and afterwards a Saint. I had been a chancellor for 14 years, I am now an archbishop, and I trust I may not be too presumptuous in hoping that I may be permitted to complete the journey with St. Thomas of Canterbury. But you will object that he obtained the crown of martyrdom. My only answer can be that there are two kinds of martyrdom—the martyrdom of blood and the martyrdom of patience. The first may be out of my grasp, but everyone will surely admit that Chicago is rather a good field for the second. You can readily see that motives not entirely un-

selfish entered into the selection of your patronal Saint.

Aside from this, however, there are few Saints whom we can so admire for courage and championship of God's cause, in the face of tremendous obstacles. He might have curried favor and gained honors, if he had tolerated abuses on the part of the King and his minions, but no,—he was the good shepherd, not a hireling, and the shepherd who was willing and ready to lay down his life for his flock. And so he became a model and an inspiration to bishop and clergy. He is also a model for you, the people who are placed under his patronage and entrusted to his intercession, teaching you that no matter what may be the odds against you, you must never prove recreant in your loyalty to your Church, but that in word and deed you must ever stand up for its doctrines and carry out its commands. It seems fitting, too, that we should dedicate this church to the honor of the martyred Archbishop of Canterbury on the feast day of the Baptist, for both of them suffered the penalty of death at the hands of a King whom

they fearlessly reproved for his sinful life and deeds.

I congratulate this parish on its unique and distinctive church building. Its architecture is pure colonial, which is the only distinctive American architecture. There are many beautiful Yankee meeting-houses of the colonial type, but this is the only Catholic church, in this diocese at least, built in this style. Coming at this time, when our country calls for every particle of our loyalty, it is almost symbolical of the twin devotions of your heart, love of God and love of country.

This parish has been in existence for just about a year. I doubt if there be any other in this city that has so splendid a record for what has been accomplished in a financial sense as this new parish. I really did not think it possible for you to do as well as you actually have done. And this, I feel, is due to two causes. First of all, the splendid parish spirit you have shown. You have been ready to co-operate with every good movement that came, so long as it was to help St. Thomas'. As some one remarked, "They never rest in that parish, they are always working,

there is always something doing." But the last cause, and by no means the least, as you all will admit, is because you have a pastor who does not spare himself. He may not be quite as plain-spoken as your patron Saint, but he does manage, in his own quiet way, to get splendid results. When I was sending Father O'Brien here, I said to myself, "There is one part of the city I need not worry about, for the pastor will be at his post and his people will have no trouble in finding him,—in fact their real trouble will be in evading him."

In closing, the one blessing that I would ask for you to-day, and incidentally for me too, is that you may for many years work together as harmoniously and as successfully as you have for the past year; then will this new church be a source of pride and a fountain of blessing for you, for yours and for the diocese.

Address at the Dedication of the New Church of Our Lady of Lourdes, Chicago, May 21st, 1916

In a way we say that here in Chicago we are only of yesterday. The Church is only in the beginning of its second half-century, and the diocese is still wearing garments of childhood. But it has been a lusty childhood, I can assure you, and we are rapidly outgrowing, almost bursting through, our childish clothes. We may not have many beautiful churches here in this city, for we have been too busy looking after the more necessary things which elsewhere may have been neglected; but they are coming, and within the next ten years, with God's help, we will have enough to show and be proud of. The other day I was very glad to hear a prelate, who comes from the site of the first Spanish mission churches, say that he had seen this new church of Our Lady of Lourdes, and that he found it a very good specimen of mission architecture. It will form one of the interesting sights of the city, it will be a relief from the ordinary church-building we have, and, after all, it is in

thoroughly Catholic style, for the old Fathers of the Pacific coast were its originators. I am glad to have it here. I am glad to have it dedicated, too, to Our Lady of Lourdes, that title of Our Blessed Mother which she herself made glorious, under which she has obtained so many heavenly favors. I congratulate your pastor, Father Scanlan, on what he has accomplished, and I congratulate you, his people, on the loyal co-operation you have given him, and on the beautiful church you have for your own.

And now just a word, neither foreign to the subject nor alien to the occasion. You know as well as I do that it costs something nowadays to get nice things, and to keep nice things when you have them. You people have a nice parish church, but it carries, too, a good-sized parish debt. That means that it will cost to keep it. Don't let your pastor do all the worrying. If all do their duty, there will be no need for anyone to worry.

Further, I trust that the beauty of the church will be only an outward manifestation of the beauty of the people's lives. The grace of God is here,

but I pray it may not stay here, but go out from here into every home and every heart in the parish. This is your father's house, your mother's property, you have signed it over to her name this morning. Therefore, it is your house. too. Come here often, and in very truth make yourselves at home.

Address at the Dedication of the New St. Jerome's Church, Chicago, October 15th, 1916

It is for me a source of joy and gratification to come here this morning and dedicate this new parish church of St. Jerome, and that for many reasons. First of all, because we are promoting God's honor and glory and helping the spread of His Kingdom on earth. Second, because we are offering to God a sanctuary that is worthy of Him, a temple where His Sacramental Presence is enthroned and where you, His children, may come to Him, and in joy and in sorrow make known to Him your wants, and be grateful to Him for His gifts. Then, because we are adding further and brighter lustre to the name of one to whom we owe so much, that ardent student and inspired translator of Holy Scriptures, your patron, St. Jerome. It has always seemed logical to me that the same divine fire of inspiration that guided the hand of the four evangelists, touched the pen of this student saint, for even among human masterpieces of literature, in every tongue since the world began, his

vulgate version of the Scriptures stands supreme as a literary gem. With the fewest and simplest words, with just a few broad strokes of his pen, he has left us pictures that will never die, sentences one never forgets, imprints of the heart's emotions that will not be surpassed. I am glad indeed to place his name over the altar of this church in my diocese.

Then, too, because today brings joy to you, the people of this parish. For many of you, today brings the fulfillment of your hopes. The longing of years is satisfied, the sacrifices of the past are rewarded. Today the little frame church that did such valiant service for more than twenty years, which echoed so many fervent prayers, which witnessed so many administrations of the Sacraments, which was the scene of so many of the great events in life, is formally sent into deserved retirement, and as you point with pride to your new church, which takes its place among the handsome edifices of the city, your hearts are filled with joy, because you know that you have helped to raise its walls—that your gifts, large

and small, have helped to bring it into being.

Finally, not only I, but every priest in the sanctuary and every man, woman and child in the pews rejoice today with the pastor of this church, who on this joyful day looks with a glow of gratified pride on this beautiful church, of which he is so proud, which bears the imprint of his personality.

Address at the Dedication of the Church-School at Highland Park, Illinois, November 19th, 1916

One of the first happenings after my coming to this diocese was the destruction by fire of the parochial school at Highland Park. Today, after a lapse of hardly eight months, it has risen again phoenix-like, from its ashes, better than before. It also houses your temporary church, and close by there has arisen a new rectory, commodious, comfortable, complete, and all of this without adding to the parish debt. I congratulate you people on the spirit you have shown, and I congratulate your pastor on the work that has been accomplished. It would be ungenerous on my part did I withhold approval and appreciation of what your united efforts have produced. You have here a quiet, modest, but devotional chapel that will suit your needs for sometime to come, where the Sacrifice of the Mass will be offered up for you, where the Sacramental Presence will be kept for you, where you may come and pour out your soul in prayer. And this, I know, will not be for long: for even now you look forward to the day not

far distant, when you will worship God in a temple worthy of Him, which will be a gift of your hands and your hearts.

I congratulate you even more on the deep religious spirit that prompted, first of all, the erection of this school, as it shows how much you value the need of religious instruction. This building is the most important building in the village. There is none other that does so much good. In saying this, I am by no means exaggerating, for I am speaking from my own experience. I was sent to a parish which for many years had been without a parochial school. The school was built, and in the seven years of its existence it changed the face of the parish.

We Catholics occupy a unique position with regard to our schools. We do not criticise and decry the public school system as all wrong. We simply say it is not enough for us. The State school system educates the mind, the intellect, but it neglects the heart, the moral, the religious, the spiritual part of man, and that means the principal, the most necessary part of him. We maintain that to educate the mind and neglect the soul is an experiment that

is fraught with danger to the individual and to the state as well. But as we do not seek to force our views on others, we build and maintain our own schools, at our own expense, while bearing our burden of the State schools as well. And as we are people of very moderate means, we feel that we are indeed giving a splendid example of devotion to our religion and love of our country, too. In a word, while we are rendering to God the things that are God's, we are giving to Caesar just a little more than belongs to Caesar! Surely every Catholic here has good reason to be proud today, for your school is an ornament, one of the showplaces of your village. You will become prouder still, however, for it will be a center of religious activity, it will be the boast of the parish, it will be the church of the children.

This is my first visit to you. May each succeeding visit show greater progress not only in the material, but even more in the spiritual condition of the parish, so that your fellow-citizens, regardless of creed, will be proud, not only of your buildings, but of the lives of their Catholic neighbors.

Address at the Wedding of Miss Mildred Murphy, Daughter of the Late Sir John B. Murphy, K.S.G., M.D.

Had your ears been attuned to the sounds of heaven, just a moment ago, you would have heard the angel turn over a leaf in the book of life, and on a new page thereof inscribe both your names, for indeed you are beginning a new chapter in your life's history. You sever the bonds that have held you until now: you leave the home of your childhood and your youth, to begin one of your own: you give up father and mother, because you now prepare for a like responsibility: you belong no longer to yourselves but to each other: you become, according to Christ's own words, "two in one flesh." Surely, after the words pronounced by the priest in absolution and in the Mass at the moment of consecration, there are no more important words that come from human lips than the simple words of consent you have just spoken, for they create a bond which can be severed by death alone. But, if this step is important, you have the consolation of knowing that you have not taken it

without reflection. You have both come from good homes and have had the advantages of splendid parentage and careful training. You have known each other for years and understand each other's ways and customs. And best of all, you come here before God's altar and in His presence, to begin this new, wedded life. Just like the couple at Cana of Galilee, you have invited Jesus and His Mother as the first and principal guests at your marriage feast. You ask Him to bless you, to bless your home, to bless those whom He may send to you. You come here like two little children, with all simplicity and all confidence, you stretch out your hands to Him and draw Him to you and press Him to enter into your hearts. And He does come to you today, just as He came then to the little bride in Cana. He will bless you and He will stay with you, just as long as you let Him. And if you would keep Him, just listen to the directions His blessed Mother gave: "Whatever He tells you, do you." And if you will obey this little suggestion of His Mother and ours, then He will stay with you, and you will be happy.

Just one word more: you clasped

hands at my command: that means you are to go through life together. Don't ever let anyone, don't let anything, ambition, wealth, pleasure, anything, ever come between you. Keep close together, depend upon each other, help each other carry the burden,—yield to each other quickly, gladly, willingly: then, no matter how rough the path is, you will walk it easily, for you will walk it side by side: no matter how heavy the burden is, you will carry it lightly, for you will carry it together: no matter how gloomy the day is, the sunshine from your hearts will brighten it; and even when the evening of life is drawing nigh, it will be made a brilliant sunset by the light of the love that glorifies. And when at the end the Master calls one of you, the separation will be only for a while, for at the door of heaven you will meet again, there to part no more.

Address at the Dedication of the New School for St. Edmund's Parish, Oak Park, Illinois, October 14th, 1917

It is always one of the year's solemn days and a time of rejoicing for the people of a parish when their bishop comes to visit them and to bring them his blessing. It is an even greater cause for joy, when, as today, the archbishop comes into your midst for the first time, and when by an extraordinary privilege he brings you the blessing of the Head of the universal Church, and gives you the Papal blessing.

There is an added solemnity on this occasion, for he comes as your representative, your leader, the head of this family, to bless and to offer up to the service of Almighty God, the beautiful parish School you have just completed. I purposely said "to the service of Almighty God," for our school is the children's church. It is the place where certainly an oblation of clean hearts is constantly being offered up, it is the house of prayer for the little ones, it is the pulpit whence the little ones are instructed in the divine truths by

Christ through His chosen spouses, even as He taught the multitudes from the hill-top in the sermon on the mount; it is the workshop where the souls of your little ones will be moulded and fashioned according to the living model, which is Christ Jesus; it is the lecture-hall, where not only the necessary knowledge to equip them to take their place in the world is taught them, but also where the divine truths and a knowledge of God's commandments, which is necessary for their souls' salvation, is given them.

It is for all of these reasons that we Catholics prize our schools so highly, that we are ready to make such sacrifices for them, that we consider a parish incomplete without its school, and the Sisters to teach our children therein. We do not hesitate to say that we have learned from the mistakes made by Catholics in some European countries, who, lulled into a false security by the fact that the population was nearly all Catholic, at least in name, neglected to provide their own primary and secondary schools, until they had discovered too late that religion among them was only too often

like a seed fallen on a rock, which, because it had no roots, soon withered away. Daily and hourly, we learn from the experience of those about us that if you want a child to grow into a moral, conscientious man or woman, you are building on sand unless you begin to instill religion into the baby soul as soon as you commence to teach it the alphabet and the rudiments of its three R's.

In this connection, a piece of information that has come to me recently, as a result of an investigation made by the two chaplains of the largest prisons in the country (the penal institutions of the states of New York and Illinois), is of interest. It developed on inquiry that among the nearly five thousand prisoners, less than two,—little more than one-percent, had been trained in parochial schools, though there are between three and four hundred thousand children in the parish schools of these two states at the present time. Proofs of this kind, constantly presenting themselves, are the best kind of evidence of the splendid work we Catholics are quietly doing in our schools to safeguard law and order, to make of

our children not only God-fearing Catholics, but law-abiding, peace-loving, loyal citizens. I am particularly pleased to find among our people in this diocese a devotion to their schools. They do not need to be convinced of the value of a religious education, they do not shrink from making sacrifices for it, nor do they waste time and effort in denouncing a non-religious and secular system of education. They simply cherish the former, and they silently pass over the defects of the latter. That is precisely what I intend to do, and exhort my priests to do. It is simply a case of pointing to results. "By their fruits you shall know them." We do not claim the credit, that belongs, first of all, to Almighty God. "Unless the Lord build the house, in vain do those labor who have built it." And after God, the credit belongs to the Sisters, who in this respect are more than God's handmaidens; they are His ministers, for they are faithfully carrying out His mission of teaching the nations. Finally, some of the credit must go to our good Catholic people who so loyally support our Catholic Schools. In this they show a parents' real love for their

children, they show that they love their souls more than their bodies, their eternal salvation rather than their worldly advancement.

I congratulate the pastor, Father Code, and his people on this day, for today this parish arrives at its majority. It is no longer an infant in its swaddling clothes, it has attained its full growth. It is a parish thoroughly equipped, and the one thing I can assure the people of Oak Park, irrespective of creed, race or position, is that there is no building in the confines of the village that will work harder or more effectually for the common welfare than the school we have blessed today.

Address at the Dedication of the New Corpus Christi Church, Chicago, June 28th, 1916

We have come here today to dedicate a beautiful church that bears a beautiful name,—on a day when all the world stands before the altar, not only in the church, but also in the gardens and in the fields,—and the Mass that is everywhere chanted by the priest is the Mass of Corpus Christi. When the Sovereign Pontiff, Urban IV, wanted to honor this solemnity by a proper office and Mass, he called in not an ordinary poet, priest or prelate, but he summoned an inspired writer, whose eloquent pen clothed the wisdom of a saint in the language of an angel: and when the choir chants the office of this feast, it needs but little help of the imagination to see the glory of the heavenly court march by in a long procession in honor of the Sacramental Saviour. Any priest will tell you that in all the liturgy of the Church there is no hymn more solemn, more beautiful, more sublime than the "Lauda Sion Salvatorem"—"Praise, O Zion, thy Redeemer"—which is read in the Mass today.

This beautiful name has been given as the title of your church, and this feast has been made the family-feast of this parish and its people. My, how proud you should be, how it ought to inspire you to prove worthy of it, to spur you on to come here oftener to honor Him for whom this temple was built, who dwells here in the Sacrament of His love! Let it be the devotion that you will cultivate in the hearts of your children at home—a real love of their Lord and their God, a real craving of their souls to see Him often and receive Him frequently in this Eucharistic food. It is for this we have built this church. That is why nothing is too good for God's house, why we will bring from afar marble and gold and precious stones to build its altar and fashion its tabernacle: steal the colors of the rainbow to imprison them in the glass of its windows and the pictures of its walls,—because a Catholic Church is not a mere meeting house, not an assembly hall, not even a home of prayer, but it is the treasure-house in which we preserve the most costly, the most wonderful, the most precious part of our inheritance, the real Pres-

ence of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ. I congratulate your good pastor on the work he has accomplished here, and I congratulate you, his people, on the loyal support you have given to him. I trust that your cooperation may be given to him even more generously in the future, so that the cloud of debt which now somewhat obscures the beauty of this temple may soon be lifted and rolled away.

There was a boy named Paschal, and the devotion that hallowed his life was his love for the Blessed Sacrament. Those who surrounded his corpse when it rested before the altar-rail on the morning when the funeral Mass was being chanted for him, tell us that twice did his eyelids lift, his eyes open and gaze at the time of the elevation, once at the Sacred Host, again at the Sacred Cup, as if his now lifeless body still responded to the promptings of his now distant soul. Do you, too, people of Corpus Christi parish, make your own this devotion that raised him to the honors of the altar, and when the time comes that your body and soul go for the final judgment, it will merit for

you, as it did for him, that your eyes will open to gaze and gaze forever on the now glorified Corpus Christi.

Address at the Graduation Exercises of the De La Salle Institute, Chicago, May 31st, 1917

In the year 1885 there was a World's Fair somewhere in the South,—I believe in New Orleans. The present Archbishop of Chicago was then a pupil in De La Salle Institute, New York. All the pupils of the School were kept busy for some days and even weeks, making special preparations, as there was to be an exhibition of classwork at this World's Fair. Together with the albums containing the work of the pupils, the photographs of the various classes were taken and likewise sent, to be shown in the same exhibit. For more than twenty years I had not seen a copy of that photograph in which I was an exceedingly young and tender undergraduate, but some weeks ago, an old Brother who had taught me, going over some old books and papers, found the photographs, had copies made of them and sent them to me. In his letter he says, "as I look over the old boys, one thing strikes me: all of them have turned out well. What a consolation!"

This is the year 1917 and tonight another class leaves De La Salle—but this time it is De La Salle Institute of Chicago. I trust that when thirty years have passed by, one of the old Brothers may be able to say of you boys who stand here to day, "all of the boys have turned out well." And if such should not be the case, if one or the other of you are among the missing from the list of those who turned out well, then the fault will all be yours, for the conditions are pretty much the same, your homes are much the same as ours were. We were not millionaires' sons either. You had about the same sort of training that we did, and the Brothers who taught you don't differ from the Brothers who taught us.

So you see I have good reason for my confidence in sending you forth into the world this evening with the belief that you will turn out to be, perhaps not captains of industry, not masters of finance; but men who, in their dealings with others as well as in their private lives, will be a credit to the School from which you have come and to the Brothers who taught you, and a source of consolation to your Archbishop.

Address at the Graduation Exercises of the Academy of Our Lady, Longwood, Chicago, 1917

We have come here this afternoon for a three-fold purpose. First, for our own amusement. Longwood has always had a reputation for the excellence of its music, and all will agree with me that today it has lived up to its reputation of former years. We have come here, secondly, for the sake of the young lady graduates of 1917. The author of the line, "what is as rare as a day in June," might have been a lady, who had in mind that June is the month for brides and girl graduates. And it is a great day for these graduates, for it is a day that they have looked forward to throughout the months and years that they have been in this convent home; it is an event they have been working and planning for, the day when they stand before their parents and friends with their work completed, with their schooldays over, with the stamp of approval of their teachers and superiors upon their efforts. And so we are glad to form part of the crowd which today showers

you with plaudits, with flowers and with good wishes.

Finally, we came here for the sake of the Sisters of Notre Dame. In every great city there is an annual exhibition day when the artists exhibit their paintings and sculpture. This is their exhibition day, and you young ladies are their works of art that are today placed on exhibition. By you and the judgment evoked by you, will they be judged. Today we form part of the critical public, and it is not by beauty of form or features that we will judge you, but rather by the scriptural rule that: "Favor is deceitful and beauty is vain; the woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised." So would you add to their renown as teachers, to their pleasure as friends, to their satisfaction as Religious, then be like the woman of the Gospel—devout, exemplary, refined, and you will be a joy not only to them but to all who know you.

Address at the Commencement of the De La Salle Institute, Chicago, June 2nd, 1916

On a night in June, twenty-nine years ago, I received my first diploma and became a graduate of De La Salle Institute. When I look around me tonight that seems almost yesterday: I can scarcely believe that it happened so long ago and in a city so far away. The Brothers look to be the same Brothers, the same friendly audience is before me, and I hear even the same songs. The boys seem almost the same boys, except perhaps that they may be more in number and handsomer in looks. In my day, a goodly proportion of them were preparing for the priesthood, but since then the Latin has been taken from the Brothers' high-schools and colleges. With other graduates I felt sorry when this happened, for we knew the good work the Brothers had been doing in preparing candidates for the Holy Priesthood. But in later years I have come to another conclusion. It is the old story, "God's ways are not our ways." This change has forced us, first of all to open our preparatory sem-

inaries for the priesthood. Then, the Brothers are doing better work. It has put them at the kind of work for which they are perhaps best adapted, and in which they produce the best results. Here in Chicago they are now training, preparing and educating the future business men of the city, the coming fathers of families, the supporting pillars of our churches. All of these young men are going out into the offices and workshops of this great city and they will get results. They know what work means, for the Brothers have made them work, and so it will be nothing new to them. They may not all become rich and prominent, but they will succeed—we know that.

Then, they will give a good account of themselves spiritually. It does not pay to make any comparisons with other Catholic schools—they are all doing splendid work, but every pastor knows that in almost every case, a De La Salle graduate is a loyal parishioner, generous according to his means, exemplary in his habits; then, too, he will be respectful to the clergy, the Brothers have taught him that.

Now, young men, I will not add to

the advice you have received. I will simply voice a wish—breathe a prayer. In an ecclesiastical procession you will notice the most prominent persons come last. You are the last of a long procession of graduates from this school. The others have been worthy sons of De La Salle. May you, the last, like the wine at the marriage-feast of Cana, prove to be the best of all!

Address at the Banquet of the Irish Fellowship Club, Chicago, March 17th, 1916

When it was announced that I was to leave the east and come to the middle west, one of the metropolitan dailies very kindly headed a rather appreciative editorial with the caption: "Brooklyn's loss, Chicago's gain." Following that, I received several hundred letters, congratulatory, condoling and otherwise in tone, and somewhere in the contents of nearly all of them, I ran across the same words: "Brooklyn's loss, Chicago's gain." Now when I read through the pages of our country's history, when I look over the names of our public men and, more than all, when I view the past, the present, and the prospects of the future of the Church in this country, I wonder whether I cannot say, with far more truth, with much deeper feeling, even with selfish gratification: "Ireland's loss, America's gain." The older I become, the firmer is by belief in the wondrous, though to us often inscrutable guidance of Providence, and sometimes I wonder whether God

has not kept Ireland from being a nation in order that she might contribute the larger share to the growth, to the greatness, to the glory of the newer lands and newer peoples who today form the foremost countries in the world. After all, the one saint whose feast-day is celebrated the world over, in the cities of Europe, Africa, Australia, as well as in America, is the one whose birthday we commemorate today.

Go through the city's streets and you will find men and women who have come here from many lands and who are found in every walk of life, wearing a bit of green ribbon to celebrate the day. Wander into the trenches of Europe's battlefields, and you will not be able to count the little sprigs of shamrock that adorn the uniforms of soldiers who are not at all Celtic, either by birth or by descent. On this very night a year ago, in the very heart of Germany, where were gathered the remnants of what had been the flower of Britain's army when war's alarm first sounded, a German soldier directed, German musicians accompanied, while the little band of prisoners of war,

in broken tones and with tear-dimmed eyes, sang: "Come back to Erin, Mavourneen, Come back again to the land of thy birth." And tonight, in this great city of Chicago, the city of our country's destiny, we find here in this gathering, one who has come from a distance, who, whether in victory or in defeat, remains the best beloved of our Presidents in two generations past—William Howard Taft. All these are but so many proofs that in honoring Ireland's saint, the world is honoring the Irish people, the people who have perhaps contributed more to the bone and sinew of this country than any other: the people who have given more than their share of their sons to the country's defence in the hour of peril, and their share, too, of law-abiding citizens in the tranquil time of peace; the people who, because they were devoted to the faith of their fathers, were none the less loyal to the country of their adoption. Long has the little emerald Island waited for its freedom: longingly have the Irish people looked for the day when Emmet's epitaph might be written. But God had other work for them to do. Their mission

was not in their own land: their work awaited them elsewhere than at home. Ireland was to be the green-house whence the tiny shoots were to come, which, transplanted, would make the rest of the world a flower-garden. The warm-hearted enthusiasm of the Irish people, their attachment to their Church, their courage in danger and their sympathy in suffering, and last but not least their delicious sense of humor, have helped to bring a warmth of color, a harmony of emotions, and a poetry of living in what would without them be a rather drab-colored existence in our English-speaking countries.

And so we, my fellow-guests and I, in whose veins, much to our regret, flows no Celtic blood, feel, that in honoring their patron-saint, we are paying the Irish people the most delicate of compliments. For, after all, St. Patrick, even from a secular standpoint, was Ireland's greatest man. He was the moulder of the Irish character, he was the inspiring spirit of Ireland's mission, he is today and will be until the end of time the idol of every Irishman's heart's devotion.

In celebrating this day, I am honor-

ing one of the best known saints in the calendar of our church. In coming here this evening, I am paying my tribute of appreciation of the loyalty and affection of the largest portion of my people, whose superior, whose father, whose friend I am. And finally, I trust you will not count it empty flattery when I say that I am showing a courtesy to one of the greatest of our living citizens, for even to an archbishop of Chicago, it is a privilege to sit at a table that is graced by the presence of former President Taft.

Address at the Celebration of the One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Anniversary of the Proclamation of the Polish Constitution, Delivered in the Auditorium, Chicago, May 3rd, 1916

When I was a boy there lived near me a couple in the evening of life. Rarely did either of them smile. Everybody in the neighborhood knew their story: they had six fine, manly-looking, well-behaved sons and one beautiful daughter. Every one of these children grew up, apparently in splendid health: but as soon as they reached the age of twenty or twenty-one, each in turn fell a victim to tuberculosis, withered away and died. When I knew them, the last of the sons and finally the daughter, the best-beloved of them all, were following their brothers to an early grave, —and the two, father and mother, were left alone in the deserted home, to look forward to a comfortless old age.

Somehow, today, poor deserted, childless Poland reminds me of that humble, grief-stricken home. In history, where centuries are like years, we can look back at her golden age, when, glorious in her independence, strong in her faith

and virtue, prominent in her intelligence, her children were gathered by their country's fireside, and around her flag and behind her king. Then came the years of persecution, of suffering and death, and there began the exodus of her people from their homes into foreign lands. Year after year, the home became more deserted and lonely; for, as soon as the sons and daughters grew to manhood and womanhood, they wandered away from the mother's side into lands, where, not riches perhaps, but labor awaited them: where, if glory did not come to them, advancement was not denied them: where bread for themselves, education for their children, the free exercise of their ancestors' religion, might be theirs without restraint. And now the day has come when the best-beloved of her children, and it seems almost as if the last of them too, were to be torn from her.

The little children kneel in the street and beg for bread from the passer-by; the baby grows thinner; stiffens and dies because there is no milk to feed it; the men are driven away from home, if not into the armies,

into the munition-factories; the women are left at home alone, hungry and defenceless: the country is seared as if by a conflagration; the cities and fields are one armed camp; almost an entire people constitute one long bread-line, young and old, ignorant and learned, poor and once-rich, standing for blocks, waiting for a piece of bread and a dish of carrot soup, their shoeless feet freezing in the falling snow and slush:—this is the picture today of the once proud and prosperous Polish people. And mind you, this is not exaggerated. From three different sources have I heard the same tale, each time from one who was there and saw these things with his own eyes, each time from one who said that half had not been told of what this poor people had suffered.

So has calamity come to a land and a nation that has harmed no one, that has sought no war, that has not even risen to demand its freedom. And this savagery has taken place, not in the wilds of Africa, not in the so-called dark ages, but in this enlightened twentieth century, in a civilized Europe, between so-called Christian nations, in the cruelest war, perhaps, that

the world has ever seen; a war between two nations, not for patriotism, but for the commercial supremacy. And while you, the exiled children of Poland, have cause to weep in this darkest hour in the history of the Polish nation, the rest of the world has good reason to hang its head in shame at the picture of what our boasted civilization is accomplishing today. Today you have been formally celebrating the one hundred and twenty-fifth anniversary of the proclamation of the Polish Constitution, and yet your mother-country's independence seems farther away than ever.

Yet who will deny that perhaps it may be for the best? God's ways are not our ways. Little more than a generation has passed and see what your people have here accomplished! I verily believe that God has sent you here, that He has driven you from your own country, so that your faith, which has withstood the storms of seven centuries of persecution, might be transplanted like a hardy sapling in this soil of a newer land; that your virtue, your patience, your loyalty, might be infused into the Church in these United States

and add to its strength and its virility; that your flesh and your blood, unspoiled by vices or excesses, might add to the bone and sinew of this nation, and especially of this city. The Lord has made your people a missionary race, for wherever they have gone they have brought as their most precious possession the faith of their fathers, the Church, to which they have proved loyal through centuries of hunger, of persecution, of suffering, of death itself.

When I came to Chicago, I was grateful to God that He had sent me to the second largest Polish city in the world. I was proud of you, because here your children were gaining advancement, education, comfort, success, denied to them in their native land. And on this celebration of your country's anniversary, my prayer is that the Lord may comfort your stricken people at home, and soon bring about an end of this dreadful nightmare of war that hangs over them, and vampire-like is sucking away their very life-blood: and then, that the Lord may grant that you in this newer land, whether it be your adopted or your native land, may never

by any act of yours, prove unfaithful to that most precious heritage of your people, the dearly-loved Catholic faith, to which they have ever been so true.

Address to the Ancient Order of Hibernians, Chicago, March 17th, 1917

Before I came to this city I received a pressing invitation to attend a banquet on St. Patrick's night this year and respond to one of the toasts. I delayed my acceptance, as it was my firm determination to attend but one function of this kind; then, having learned of the high standing of the Irish Fellowship Club of Chicago, I accepted their invitation and promised to come. Then came another invitation from the Ancient Order of Hibernians, and in conformity with the rule I had made, I was about to decline. But then my memory went back to the time when I was a boy and I remembered how no cornerstone-laying was complete and no dedication of a new church valid, unless this Ancient Order was present in full regalia. And I remembered, too, they had a bit of green tied into the button-holes of their coats, but they had a bit of green pressed tight in the fist of their right hands too, which would disappear into the basket when

the collection was being taken up, and as a result—well, you see I have come.

Today, for a very large portion of my people, is one of the great feast-days of the year, for on this day we commemorate one of God's greatest saints, the Apostle of Ireland, St. Patrick. When we carefully read the life of this Saint, we are amazed at how much one man could accomplish in a lifetime. One sentence is sufficient to describe his apostolic work. He found Ireland pagan and he left it Christian. Born at the close of the fourth century of noble parentage, probably in Scotland (though this is not certain), he was at an early age taken captive by roving bands and brought to Ireland. At the age of twenty-three, he was set free and came to France, and there, under the guidance of his uncle, St. Martin of Tours, for nearly twenty years he prepared himself for the great work of evangelizing the Irish race. Having been consecrated bishop by Pope St. Celestine, he began his mission in Ireland where he labored for more than half a century, when God called him to the place prepared for him in heaven. It is almost incredible how much he ac-

complished. His work seems a constant repetition of the miracle performed on that first Pentecost Sunday. His converts numbered not thousands, but tens and almost hundreds of thousands. He established more than three hundred churches, ordained more than two thousand priests: he baptized the warrior chiefs and kings with all their subjects: many youths and maidens embraced the religious life; and all over Ireland schools, convents and monasteries arose during his lifetime. Yet during those years of strenuous activity, he led a life of constant prayer, spending the best part of every night in meditation and prayer and seeking rest on the stone floor for but an hour or two. And full of years, this, one of the greatest men in history, was called by his loving Master in the year 492.

What shall we say of his work? We estimate a man's work by the fruits and results of the same. How can we really estimate the great work of St. Patrick? The country which he evangelized and for which he prayed has remained more faithful to the Church than any other nation upon earth. France has had her goddess of reason

and exiled her clergy. Italy persecuted her Popes: Germany revolted as a nation: England chose a King for her spiritual head in preference to the Vice-gerent of the King of Kings. Ireland alone remained faithful as a nation, and never even for an hour, denied the Faith taught her by St. Patrick. "And under God," says an Irish author, "to what can we attribute this but to the prayers of St. Patrick? The Irish race was confided to his keeping until the day of Doom, and well has he guarded his charge."

But the work of St. Patrick through the Irish race was not confined to Ireland alone. There was a time when the little green isle jutting out into the broad Atlantic was the place of pilgrimage for the learned and holy the world over, when it was the isle of the teachers and the saints. But that day has long since passed and the cheerful little island has become sad, like a lonely mother whose children have gone from her side forever. Yet even in her affliction God had great things in store for the land sanctified by the labors of St. Patrick, consecrated by the lives of countless holy men and women, for God

has made her children an apostolic race: He has scattered them to the four winds of heaven, and wherever they have gone they have retained as their precious possession the heritage they received from St. Patrick. Their men warm-hearted and generous, their women loving and virtuous, all of them proud of their Church, they have made the Faith respected wherever they have gone, and though poor perhaps as the proverbial church-mouse, yet it is their pennies—almost their last sometimes—that have built the grand monuments to their God and in honor of His saints.

And you, the sons and daughters of Erin, and you, too, who, though born in a newer land, have Irish blood coursing through your veins, thank God that in His great mercy and goodness He has given you and your race so watchful a father, so powerful a protector as St. Patrick. And it is my one prayer, as your bishop and your leader, that the great Apostle may obtain for you that one grace to remain ever steadfast in the Faith and true to his teachings and that none of yours in the generations to come may ever prove unworthy of the heritage he has given his people, and

which, notwithstanding poverty and want, cold and hunger, persecution and even death itself, they have preserved, ever faithful, ever true, through sixteen centuries.

Address to the Catholics of German Descent, Chicago, September 24th, 1916

During the time I have been in this great cosmopolitan diocese, I have spoken to people of many nationalities. On St. Patrick's Day I addressed the children of the little Green Isle beyond the seas. Again later, on the anniversary of the proclamation of their country's Constitution, I spoke to the United Polish Societies of Chicago. Later again to a small gathering of the descendants of those who came from France and French Canada and more than two generations ago made their home in this diocese. Today for the first time I appear before the German Catholics of Chicago, and as I speak to them, it is with a particular feeling of gratification, for I now remember that nearly one hundred years ago, my great grandfather's father was one of the little band who helped old Father Raffeiner to build the first German Catholic Church in the United States. Two or more years ago it was a distinction to be known as a German-American. Today one almost mentions it under his

breath. Why? It seems to me that it is rather late in the day to ask the German-American to prove his patriotism. He did that more than a half century ago. I dislike to bring in the personal element, but in 1860, at Lincoln's first call for volunteers, my grandfather left his wife and little children to fight for the flag and the union, and one thousand Germans went with him in the same regiment and less than one-third of the number lived to return to their homes and families. In this way did the German-Americans show their love for this country in 1860, and now in 1916 you will find among them the same brand of patriotism as in 1860. That does not mean that now, when the race from which they sprang is fighting for its national life and their brothers and relatives are shedding their blood and losing their lives in this awful struggle, they do not sympathize with their motherland. You might as well expect a man to deny his own mother. But this is the land of their adoption; the land where their children were born; the land for which they have left father, mother, sister and brother, where they have lived

their lives and where their bones will rest, and they love it even as a man loves his Christian spouse. But, they say, where will the German-American stand, if this country goes to war with Germany? Why worry? We will cross that bridge when we come to it, and such a war will hardly come in your life or mine. Everybody will be sick of war when this one is once over, for a good long time. And if it should come? Listen. In my time nearly 14,000 marriages have come to my attention. Of many of them I knew the circumstances that preceded the marriage and often the events that followed. Accidents will happen in the best regulated families, and sometimes a disturbance would occur between a young wife and her mother-in-law. My experience has been that almost invariably the wife won out, and I suppose yours is the same. That is the answer. Now to the matter at issue.

If there is one characteristic that stands out in the German people, it is their faculty for organization. Wherever they have gone they have formed societies for men and for women and schools for the children. Especially is

this true with the German Catholics. Not only have there been the many parish societies, but those societies later on have united and there has been a union of the Catholic Societies in a city and then later in the state and finally in the nation. So today you have the Distrikts-Verband, in the east called Lokal-Verband, the Staats-Verband and the Central Verein. And in these various federations you can find people of every position and standing, priests and laymen. One of the last receptions given me at Brooklyn was by the Lokal-Verband, of which I was a member until the time of my departure.

Now there is an element of strength in union of this kind, and the great pity is to see that strength, not exactly wasted, but unused. It is like seeing a swiftly flowing river, a beautiful fall of water. The poet, the artist, the idealist when he sees those waters would exclaim "my what a beautiful river, what a splendid water fall, what an exquisite picture!" The practical man coming along would say, "there is enough power in those falls to generate electricity to light our whole town."

I have been at conventions and have

seen a great gathering of men and have heard them learnedly discuss social questions. But when the convention was over nothing came of it. I have heard Bishops say "the best organized bodies in my diocese are the German societies," but you would not hear of much that the societies had done. Now you know it is my wish that every large organization in this big city be given some particular problem to look after as its own, in addition to the first object for which it was instituted. Thus I have given the care of delinquent boys to the Knights of Columbus; the care of working girls to the Women Foresters, and within the next few weeks I shall assign to other large bodies of men and women similar works for the common good. I expect them not only to take up this work, but that they will feel honored to be singled out for special work and make that work their own in very earnest and carry it to a successful end. Should they fail my expectations in this matter, I might not say much, but I will leave them severely alone in the future and forget all about them. I don't anticipate any danger of that kind, however. Now I have some-

thing for the Distrikts-Verband to do, too—some special work, for here is all of this stored-up, unspent strength gathered by your union, like hidden power, and I want to make use of it. I want to harness it and have it run a machine, a machine that will do good. And the particular work is one that is not entirely new to you; in fact, we may call it your own child, as part of it, at least, came from you. It is a new line of activity. I don't know whether they have it anywhere else. It has been favorably commented upon by people outside. It is called the Catholic Employment Bureau. It was begun by the German Catholic Societies; it has grown by the hard work of a few men. Now I am going to leave it in the care of the German Societies. If it turns out a success—and there is no reason why it should not—let them have the credit. And because I give it into your care, I want everyone of you to take an interest in it. It is a work for the common good, it is an endeavor to help our neighbor, it is an outlet for our charity. I have given it my approval, but I have given it more than that, I have given it a home, I have

attached it to a work with which it is prominently and necessarily connected, the Holy Cross Mission in the lodging house section of the city. That, too, I would commend to your care and solicitude. That is filling a real need in a big city like ours, that is a genuine work of charity. We are making this mission something worth while, something we can be proud of. I should like you to associate in some way with this work, to help it along, to contribute even a little to its success. After all, it is one of the corporal works of mercy to clothe the naked, to feed the hungry, to shelter the homeless and it is sure to bring its reward, a reward not only in the life to come, but even here. It will bring God's blessing and the comfort of having helped another, into your own heart, into your home, to those you love best.

Prayer at the Great Rally Under the Auspices of the State Council of Defense, Chicago

Almighty, Eternal God, Who dost guide our destiny and hold the universe in Thy hand, do Thou look down on us this day and hear our prayer: bless and protect our beloved country which has been for countless thousands a haven of refuge and a shelter in adversity: keep it ever the land of the brave, even as it is now the home of the free: bless this our nation which Thou hast formed from the flesh and blood of many nations and tribes and peoples: make us ever worthy of the blessings Thou hast showered upon us: keep us united as a people, loyal to our flag, devoted to our country and our country's cause, mindful of those ideals of freedom and democracy on which our fathers have built this Republic and which have made this nation great, and in this, the hour of our country's trial, from a spirit of bitterness and the traitorous tongue, deliver us, O Lord. Bless and guide our President in these troublous days when his burden has become so heavy: give him the light to see the right and the courage to do it: bless

these Thy children who stand here bowed before Thee, for they have placed on the altar of their country their nearest and dearest, not gold or treasures, but bone of their bone and flesh of their flesh, their sons, who wear their country's uniform and are enrolled in her army and navy: heal the wounds that the parting has caused, repay them the sacrifices they have made, have their children ever in Thy keeping here and hereafter: bless our army and our navy, give victory to our arms, and make that peace that will crown our efforts be lasting, glorious and forever pleasing in Thy sight, through Christ Our Lord. Amen.

Address at the Silver Jubilee Celebration of the First Slavonian Catholic Church, Joliet, Illinois, October 22nd, 1916

I feel that this Jubilee Day would be incomplete for you without a word of appreciation from your Archbishop, who has come to share in your joy and gladness. This day is indeed a feast of congratulations and thanksgiving—first of all for you, the people of this mother-church of the Slavonians in this country. For a quarter century this parish has been here to welcome you as you came from your fatherland beyond the seas. Here the gospel was preached to you, the Sacraments were administered to you, the faith of your fathers taught to your children in your mother-tongue as well as the language of their adopted country. Here you found peace and comfort and strength amidst the hard labor, the many trials, the constant privations of your life.

Then, too, this should be a day of rejoicing for this Pentecostal city of Joliet, where the gospel is preached in ten languages. For twenty-five years this church has stood here as a citadel of law and order, a bulwark against

anarchy and rebellion, a place of education and religion. How long will it take our cities and our country to recognize the great good our churches do in promoting the peace and contentment we do now enjoy? What would happen here and elsewhere were there no Catholic churches to guide the newcomer to our shores, to censor his conduct, to instruct his children?

Finally, it is a day of gratitude for me, too. I thank Almighty God this morning for the zealous, faithful priests who have ministered to you during those twenty-five years, particularly the founder and first pastor, whose parish first extended from the Atlantic almost to the Pacific, who covered so many thousands of miles, baptizing, ministering, comforting his scattered people, and who finally, a few short years ago, broken by his apostolic labors, went into retirement to prepare for his death. I thank Almighty God, because He has sent you to this diocese, you people of strong physique and stronger faith, who, with your blood unspoiled by vices and excesses and your minds unsullied by immoral doctrines, will add to the strength, to the

bone and sinew, of this people in the years to come. I congratulate you on what you have accomplished during these twenty-five years, but I trust that this day will mark the beginning of even greater effort for the material well-being of your parish and the spiritual advancement of its people. And I unite my prayers with yours, for the one thought is uppermost in all our minds this morning even in the midst of our rejoicing—that the Lord may soon end this awful war that has harassed and laid waste your unfortunate and distressed country, and bring peace and contentment again to your brothers, friends and relatives, who are daily and hourly facing the danger of death. Now to complete our joy, I bring you the blessing of the common father of us all, the Sovereign Pontiff, that his name may ever be linked with this day in your memories!

Address at the Golden Jubilee Celebration of the Rev. William Netstraeter, Wilmette, Illinois, September 30th, 1917

Today I come here as the head of the diocese to take part in the joy and festivity that is felt in this parish from end to end, among young and old, rich and poor, Catholic and non-Catholic, because the pastor here has completed the golden circle of his priestly years, because Father Netstraeter has served God and ministered to man for a half century, and because nearly all of that time was spent in this place. It is rather in the capacity of spokesman that I am here this morning—to express your appreciation of the many kindnesses he has shown you during the years he has been in your midst; the affection that is in your hearts for one who has been your spiritual father for so long; the gratitude you feel to the priest of the Most High who has ministered to three generations of the people of this town.

We of a younger generation are apt to forget how arduous were the labors, how many were the sacrifices, how great was the toil of those early mis-

sionaries of this diocese. The distances were great, the conveniences were few, the faithful were scattered in those days. The jubilarian of today is one of the links that bind us of the present to the missionaries of that early day. He suffered privations with them and God has granted him to help reap the fruits of their labors with us. He helped to sow the seed of God's word with them, but few, pitifully few, have survived to gather in the great harvest with us, although the crowded churches, the well-filled schools, the flourishing institutions are largely the results of their work.

And so this morning his younger brethren of the clergy have come here together with his people, that kneeling with him at this altar, where he has so long ministered, they might thank Almighty God for having given Father Netstraeter the gift to serve Him as His priest for a half century, for having left him here in this place for more than two score years, to benefit them with his priestly work and edify them with his priestly life. Usually a Golden Jubilee has a tinge of sadness. It seems like a golden sunset, the end of a per-

fect day, almost like a solemn farewell, when everybody is outwardly smiling but inwardly hiding his tears. But not so today. No one can look at the clear skin and the quick bright eye of our youthful septuagenarian and not recognize that after all there is a great deal of truth in the saying that a man is only as old as he looks and surely not a day older than he feels. So, confidently I offer my good wishes to Father Netstraeter this morning, praying that the Lord may spare him for many years; that each year may treat him more kindly than its predecessor, make him more acceptable to his Master and dearer to his people, make him more revered among the clergy and beloved by the laity; that the years may pass for him quickly and happily until another jubilee day twenty-five years hence, when the golden leaves of his priestly crown of today will have become diamond-studded with the passage of time.

Address at the Conferring of the Knighthood of St. Gregory the Great on Sir John B. Murphy, M.D., Mercy Hospital, Chicago, June 15th, 1916

When a few months ago I came to this great city, I was particularly moved by the demonstration of loyalty that came from the laity of the diocese. I was desirous of showing my appreciation of this, but I was at a loss as to what form that recognition should take. Then I remembered that long before I had come here, I had heard of this "Mercy Hospital," which had taken its place in the front rank of the hospitals of this country, classed with but few of them, surpassed by none; and that the greatness of this hospital was largely due to the activities of one man therein. Long before I had come here had I heard of Dr. John B. Murphy, of his wonderful skill in surgery, of his success in operations, of his discoveries in science, of his untiring energy in humanity's cause: years before I had come here I had heard of Dr. Murphy's skill as a surgeon: as soon as I had come here I learned of his prominence as a Catholic, of his charity to priests

and religious, of his devotion to his faith and his church. I learned how for years he had been a model and an inspiration to young men in the parish in which he lived by his frequent and devout reception of the Sacraments. And I decided then that I could find no way more fitting to honor the laity of Chicago, than by honoring this man who had brought honor and distinction to his Church. All this I wrote to the Holy Father, asking him to bestow some signal proof of his paternal and sovereign favor upon our Dr. Murphy, of whom we feel so proud. The hospital is proud of him, for what he has done for it: his profession is proud of him, for he is one of its most illustrious members: Chicago and its citizens, Catholic and non-Catholic, are proud of him, for he is one its most distinguished citizens, one who has made its name known throughout the length and breadth of the land: his Archbishop is proud of him, because he has been, and is, one of the Church's most devoted children. In response the Sovereign Pontiff has conferred on him the highest honor the Holy See grants to a layman.

The honor is so much the greater, because it is bestowed at the Archbishop's request, without the solicitation, or even the knowledge, of any of the Doctor's friends, priest or layman,—and what is more, it is the first favor requested by me from the Holy See, and is the first time an Archbishop of Chicago has personally asked for any honor for a layman. It will make this day doubly memorable in the annals of this institution, for in the Papal document mention is made of "Mercy Hospital." It will be good news to all Chicago, for it is an honor done to this city and its citizens. Moreover, it is the fulfillment of a pleasant duty for me, for usually we churchmen leave our recognition of a good man to be expressed over his cold clay. But this evening I can voice my appreciation of, and my gratitude for Dr. Murphy's past services, who becomes a Knight Commander of the Order of St. Gregory the Great, and express my fondest hope that he may honor this honor for many years to come. Dr. Murphy, men and women may have overwhelmed you with gifts of gratitude, because you have restored them to health. Univer-

sities and homes of learning may have heaped honors and titles on you for your work in the cause of science. But this is the best of all, for it is the recognition on the part of Holy Mother Church of the loyalty of a dutiful son, of whose progress she is justly proud.

A Tribute to a Departed Friend—Funeral Discourse

On the rare occasion when, to the burial service, we add a sermon, the purpose of our words is generally threefold:—first, to remind those who are present of the certainty that death will come to each one even as it came to the one whose earthly remains await the last blessing of Holy Church, and of the uncertainty of the time and place of the summons. Secondly, to record the esteem in which those who knew well the deceased held him and as a last earthly tribute to him and a remembrance for those near and dear who mourn him. Finally, to ask those who listen, of their charity to pray for the departing soul's eternal rest and peace.

A week ago little did any of us think that to-day we should assist at the requiem of our dear departed friend; little did he himself expect it. Death came to him, as it is going to come to many of us here, in a hurry, with but scant warning,—came not at the end of many years, but right at the noontime of life. Such a death is a lesson; but a

lesson that, no matter how often repeated, so many of us never learn.

But in the midst of all of our sorrow, there is a ray of sunshine, for he had learned that lesson. When death came to him, he met it unafraid. The word that reached me on the morning of his death was that he edified all by the faith and devotion he manifested when receiving the last Sacraments. After all that was only what we would have expected of him, for he really lived for that moment. He had seen it come to others, he had known it must come to him, and so he lived that it might not find him unprepared. After all, the Master Himself laid down the requirements for obtaining eternal life after death, "Love God with thy whole heart and thy whole mind and love thy neighbor as thyself."

Very few men have loved their neighbor according to the Gospel command as did the one whose lifeless body lies here. He was one of the most dutiful and considerate sons a parent ever had, and his love for them warmed the declining years of the father and mother who had done so much to make him the good man that he was by their

example of a truly Christian life. I will not speak of his love for his home and his family, for that was known to us all. But you who were his friends, just search your memory and see whether you ever found anyone who loved his neighbor so unselfishly as he.

There are many who mourn him today whom you won't find among the great and wealthy, but rather among the poor and lowly. Only the recording angel knows how many a poor fellow he helped to his feet, to how many a family he gave food and lodging, for how many an acquaintance in trouble he obtained another chance.

There are friends to whom he clung for years, for whom he labored day and night, for whom no effort, no sacrifice was too much, for whom he spent time and money lavishly, and in return he received nothing, he asked nothing. There is not one among you who can ever remember him to have done a mean act He would scorn to do a cruel or dishonest thing to another so as to himself profit thereby. He was one of the kindest men I have ever known, one of the most unselfish friends I have ever had, one of the truest gentlemen I

have ever met. Did it profit him? Maybe not in a worldly sense. But he has left his children something that money and position can never buy, the memory of a father who was an ideal Christian gentleman, who never hurt anyone weaker or poorer than himself, for none of whose actions they need ever apologize.

And as he loved his neighbor so, too, did he love his God. He was always a faithful son of Mother Church, with a simple childlike faith, with a practical devotion to his religious duties. He never tried or even thought of disguising his religion, and those outside the Church thought so much the more of him for it. The result was that the Lord was with him to the end and gave him the fitting end of a good life, a happy death.

And now that he has passed the portals of eternity, would we call him back to life if we could? Maybe for those who still need him, yes; but for himself, no,—for he has completed the journey we all must make, he has crossed into the great hereafter whither we all must go, he has gone to meet God whom he has tried to serve, and

fortunate are we, if we be as well prepared as was he. But we can help him still, our prayers can follow him on his journey and by them we may wipe away any speck of earthly weakness on his soul. For the kindness he has shown us, for the favors he has done us, for the affections he had for us, we can repay him by praying for him that the Lord may grant him rest.

"Let perpetual light shine upon him and his soul rest in eternal peace."

Funeral Oration Over the Body of the Most Rev. Archbishop John Lancaster Spalding, Former Bishop of Peoria, Illinois, in the Cathedral, Peoria, August 29th, 1916

"And all the people of Israel bewailed him with great lamentation, and they mourned him for many days."—1 Mac. 90. 200.

On last Friday evening, just as the sun was sinking, just as the day was dying, John Lancaster Spalding, First Bishop of Peoria, closed his eyes; the angel of death snapped off his thread of life and his immortal soul went before its Maker to render the account of a stewardship of seventy-six years of life, of half a century in the priesthood, and of an episcopate of two score years. Today you have come to say a last farewell, to whisper a prayer for him whose voice from this pulpit so often thrilled you and fanned to brighter flame your love for God and for country; and I have come here this morning, the Metropolitan of this Province, to bury a Bishop of Illinois, to bury him, hardly to praise him. For

I will not preach his panegyric. There is no need. In your souls, memory itself is chanting the epic of this noble prelate's life. I will just help you gather a few flowers in the garden of his life, that we may lay them as an humble tribute in the still, purple-gloved hands, before the coffin lid shuts out forever the face and form of one who for so long a time was a beloved figure in your midst. Nor will I tarry long, for again, this is not a eulogy, just a simple little tribute to him who was a militant churchman, a patriotic citizen, a famous educator, a powerful preacher, and one of the greatest essayists our country has produced.

I will not speak of the simple facts in his history—the time and place of his birth, his ordination, his consecration; nor will I mention the positions that he filled, the missions he attended, the books he wrote; neither will I dwell upon the honors that came to him in the Church, from his country, from his priests and people. After all, you who are here today have known him well. Some of you were his spiritual children, some his devoted, loyal priests, all his steadfast, loving friends. To you, all

these things are well known. It may be that some gifted pen, inspired by a loving soul, may some day leave to posterity the history of this wonderful life, so rich with material for thought, for sermon and for edification, that I wander bewildered in trying to choose what I can crowd into so short a review of an interesting career.

There seem to stand out in his public life three brilliant characteristics in which Bishop Spalding was almost without a peer among the prelates of his time. First and above all, as a writer he stood and he stands foremost among the Bishops of this country: in fact, to find his superior we must go back to the men of old, like St. Augustin, St. Athanasus, St. Thomas of Aquin, St. Bede. I do not think that even the great English Catholic writers, Newman and Manning, can equal him in beauty of diction clothing brilliancy of thought, while it is acknowledged on all sides that as an essayist the Catholic Church in the United States has not produced his equal, neither among the clergy nor among her people. So, too, as an orator. We have had great preachers in the Church in the years

that are gone, and some of them still live, like a Keane of Dubuque, and an Ireland of St. Paul; but they themselves would be the first to admit that the highest place belongs by right to Bishop Spalding. Perhaps some of you now recall, how, when engrossed in some favorite subject,—a sermon on the necessity of religious education or an oration on the love of country—he would soar to lofty heights of oratory, carrying you breathless with him and leaving your soul deeply moved and long inspired by his brilliant appeal.

Yet he did not build the power of his plea simply on his mastery of the language: he was gifted with an extraordinarily keen judgment and an analytical mind that lent an edge like a scimitar-blade to the arguments he would muster, all of them faultlessly arrayed in virile language. And as a result, the argument he put forward in defense of his subject,—whether it was the doctrines of the Church against the taunts of an atheist, the rights of the laboring man fighting for an honest wage, or the very life of the Republican government against the assaults of anarchistic teachings,—become irre-

sistibly convincing. It must not be forgotten that the results he achieved were due even more to his hard work, his constant study, his unremitting application to his task, than to his natural talents. Take almost any one of the sentences in his writings, take any period in his fervent appeals, and you will not find an ounce of useless matter, not an unnecessary word. Every sentence is pared down and polished like a finished statuette which has just left the chisel of a careful sculptor. I have heard a critic who appreciated his writings sum up the merits of his works in these words: "At all times and in all his writings, he was interesting, he was instructive, he was timely, he was true."

And now we come to one of the two subjects dearest to his heart. We can say without exaggeration that he was the peerless champion of religious education, as he was its fearless defender. Again and again, kindly, patiently, yet forcefully, he took up weapons in its defense, never in his contest forgetting the qualifications of a Christian gentleman. He never made the mistake of decrying or denying the

good points of a secular education, but with strong, logical arguments he indicated its shortcomings and inadequacies. He believed that the training given in the state schools and secular universities did, by its very superiority, if you will, and the erudition of its teachers bring the intellect to a high order of excellence, while it left untouched the will, the very controlling power of every action; the heart, the seat of all emotion; the soul, the superior part of our being,—and that it was thus more likely to leave disaster and misfortune in its wake. With even greater zeal he labored for higher Catholic education. Those who heard his masterly effort at the Third Council of Baltimore, nearly thirty years ago, have never forgotten his eloquent plea for a national Catholic University. Indeed, the establishment at Washington of that institution of learning, of which we are so proud today, is due in a great extent to his efforts; for, he did not content himself with mere words, but it was due to him that the funds were procured with which the first of its buildings was erected.

And the other—it is rather refresh-

ing in these days, when we are so often accused by the vicious and the ignorant of lack of patriotism and of a divided allegiance, to point to the example of this leader in thought and in action—with him love of country amounted to a passion. Descended from the cavaliers who came to these shores with Lord Baltimore and who first gave to this country freedom of conscience, he loved his native land with an ardor that was surpassed only by his love of God. "Love of God and devotion to country" was the maxim he set for his life. And if the scriptural adage "out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh" is true, then we must judge that rarely did a statesman who made her laws or a soldier who defended her flag love our country as much as did Bishop Spalding.

When I come to his personal character and his private life, I need only leave its description to you. You, his priests, will not soon forget him. You had labored with him for many years. You were proud of him, your bishop, for you knew it gave you a distinction to be known as his priests. And yet, notwithstanding the fact that he

held so high a place in the world's esteem, to you he was always approachable. You may have been only a humble country pastor in a little Illinois village, yet this courtly gentleman, this famous orator, this well-known writer, was to you always a father, always your bishop, always your friend. Some of you, now grown gray in the service, remember how kind he was when, as young priests, you first called to see him, and how much at home he made you feel. And when there came an hour of worry, a time of depression, the moment when you needed counsel, such as comes to nearly every priest, and you went to him, you went away with a lighter heart, feeling that to the obedience and reverence you had given to him in your ordination, you now added a full measure of filial love, of sacerdotal affection, of implicit confidence.

He was ever generous to his people and their needs in his charities. There are in this city institutions of learning and charity that are largely his own personal gifts. These are the things we may see with our eyes and grasp with our hands. And those

who knew him well know that there were other instances, numerous, but unknown to all but God and His recording angel, in which he helped works of religion and charity or relieved the distress of individuals. Personally, you remember him always as a gentleman, polished, cultured, kind. After all, blood will tell, and he was sprung from generations of gentlemen, and had inherited the best of their traditions. While he could be equally at home with rich and poor, great and lowly, learned and ignorant, yet he could ever meet the best of them all on an absolutely equal basis.

I shall not dwell further on his many other lovable qualities, on his sense of fairness in dealing with his priests and people, on his unswerving loyalty to his friends, on his conscientious adherence to duty. Let me pass to the evening hours of his life. It was ten years ago that illness crippled him and the palsy numbed his faculties. Deep down in his heart he realized that the end of a useful career as a public man had come.

He made his preparations to lay down the heavy cross of the episcopate, and within three years he transferred the

burden to younger and stronger shoulders than his own. But eternity was approaching—he did not know how soon the final summons might come, and for that he wanted to prepare. And so he withdrew from public life, where for so long he had been an active figure: he gave up the guidance of the church of which he had been so fond: he went into retirement to pray and to prepare. It took courage to do that. It is difficult for any of us to admit that we are no longer able or fitted for the task of a great office, that disease or decay have impaired our usefulness, that we are becoming less a help and more a hindrance. It took humility to do that. It must have been a shock to a man so proud, so able, so prominent, to see himself like the giant oak felled by the lightning, and realize that the day of his power, of his labor, of his activity was ending. It took piety to do that. Realizing the weight of the responsibility he had borne so long, and not minimizing the shortcomings of his life, he knew that the time that remained was all too short to prepare for the judgment that took place on last Friday afternoon.

We have come from far and from near, and we are gathered, John Lancaster Spalding, about the lifeless clay that once housed your great spirit. We have come to take a last look at you whom we had known, revered and loved in life. Now we lay you to rest like the great bishops of old, clothed in the vestments of your high office, with your mitre on your brow and your crozier by your side. We mourn you, even as the children of Israel mourned the Maccabee, for you too were a leader in Israel. Your people mourn you to-day, for they loved you, their first Bishop, who labored so zealously for them, who was ever so good to them, whom they treasured, whom they revered, of whom they were so proud. Your clergy are here to-day with heavy hearts and tear-dimmed eyes, for they loved you, they revered you, they were grateful to you for many things.

The older priests present, who had labored with you, remember today how kind you were to them: the younger ones, the newly-commissioned captains in Christ's army, hold your image enshrined, for you were the idol of their

boyhood days. Your successor in the high office asked only that he might offer up this last sacrifice of propitiation for your eternal repose, in grateful appreciation of the many courtesies, the unfailing kindness, the loyal cooperation, which, like an elder brother, you have given him in the seven years of his episcopal office. This city, and its people, irrespective of creed or position, mourns today the loss of its first citizen, the courtly, cultured, southern gentleman, who helped to promote its welfare, add to its renown, contribute to the happiness of its inhabitants. If it seems strange that this last tribute should be paid to you by one who but a few months ago came to you, a stranger from the distant east, is it not really fitting that this should be so? For it but shows that you belonged not to this city, this diocese, this state alone: all of us throughout the length and breadth of the land claimed you as our own: millions of us in the faith were proud of you, and when the preacher of today was only a tiny boy, it was impressed on his memory that one of the greatest prelates of America's Church was Bishop Spalding of Peoria.

You need no monument at our hands, for your monument, the work of your fingers and the children of your brain, more lasting than granite or bronze, rest on the bookshelves of every priest of the land, and find a welcome place in every library of the country. You need no eulogy from our lips. Deep in the hearts of all of your priests is written the record of many kindly deeds, of countless fatherly words, of unnumbered generous acts of assistance in time of stress, in hours of worry, in moments of trial. But you do perhaps need our prayers, and that is the offering we place upon your coffin today,—the promise of a constant remembrance in our prayers, at Mass, in the reception of the Sacraments, so that, if after the battle is over, some of the dust of the conflict still dims the brightness of your soul in the keen vision of the Almighty Judge, our prayers may wipe it away and make you acceptable to the Master whom you served, and assure you that welcome in our Father's mansion for which you have sighed and waited and prayed.

Address on the Occasion When the Associated Catholic Charities of Chicago Was Formed, April 10th, 1917

It is said of the Church that like truth she is ever ancient, ever new. It is one of the signs of her eternal youth, that while charity is as old as Christianity, yet it has come in many forms according to the needs of the times. So, too, alms-giving and the gathering and distributing of alms have been known in the Church throughout the 19 centuries of her growth. The Venerable Bede tells us that the Lord Himself and His followers had special pockets or depositories for receiving the offerings of the faithful to supply His own bodily wants and to relieve the needs of others, and this is borne out by Scripture. Many a town in France and England owes its existence to an ancient monastery around which the pensioners gathered and about which they lived. Then came the Mendicant Orders of the Church, as their name implies, begging from door to door, and with what they received promoting God's glory and feeding and clothing the poor and nursing the sick and the helpless. Later

came the many women's orders of the Church, each with its distinct purpose, but most of them instituted for the purpose of practicing corporal and spiritual works of mercy. Finally came for the layman, for the father of the family, the Conference of St. Vincent de Paul. So much for the evolution and the growth down to our own time. Now let us take this place:—

We are living in a city that has grown up overnight. I know of no other that has progressed so rapidly as Chicago. You have a big city and you have all the problems of a big city. You have the evils that come from overcrowding, from ignorance, from indolence, from irreligion, from sin. On the other hand, —and now I speak only from a Catholic standpoint,—you have wonderful works of charity, of mercy and of religion. I know of no better orphan homes anywhere than you have here. You have fine hospitals. You have reformatories for girls. You have shelters for the homeless. You have homes for the aged. Each of these is supported by one of two agencies,—either by the diocese itself or by large and small, particularly small, donations from the people of

Chicago. It is not generally known, but the Archbishop has given about $250,000 to $300,000 a year in works of charity and Christian education. Besides this the Catholics of Chicago must have contributed considerably more to make possible what has been done here to relieve poverty, distress and want. To do this, the diocese has been not only contributing practically every dollar of revenue, but has been eating into its principal until now we have come to the danger point and are warned to break in no further. With the faithful, another difficulty has arisen. Many Catholics, especially well-known Catholics, and business people, have been bothered with a multiplicity of appeals, because all of these various charitable institutions and organizations have been conducting their own finances and no attempt has been made to restrict the field or limit a district for them, and so many of them have been going to the same people for aid. There has not been much complaint about it, both because the Sisters, or their friends, were always so deadly in earnest and because the people to whom they applied were so good-natured that

they contributed at least something to all of them. But I have felt right along that some remedy must be found, for conditions were not growing better and might soon become hardly tolerable. So when I appointed a new director of the St. Vincent de Paul, I called his attention to this point. I know full well that our people do not by any means object to giving in charity, in fact feel it their duty to do so, and that many of them would give more, if by doing so they did not have to give so often and at the same time were sure that it would be properly applied. It was because of this that I told him to see our Catholic men and talk to them—which proved to be one of the best pieces of advice I have ever given. The suggestion was promptly taken up by a number of representative business men, who outlined the system of soliciting annual subscriptions for the combined charities of the diocese that you have just heard. This system was proposed to me and has received my cordial approbation. If carried out as planned, and with the co-operation of priests and people, it will be one of the most progressive and beneficial Catholic movements ever un-

dertaken in Chicago. It will help our charities tremendously; it will be a God-send both to the givers and to the recipients; and it will be gratifying to all, if they will only sit down and consider its many advantages for themselves as well as for others. Besides, this movement comes at the proper moment.

On the afternoon of Good Friday our country formally entered into war. For a long time we had nourished the hope and persisted in the prayer that we, as a people, might be saved from taking part in this world-tragedy that has cost so many lives and so much human blood; but God's Providence has ordained differently. And now that it has begun, none of us can tell how long it will last, what the cost in human life may be, and what sacrifices all of us must make. One thing is certain, and I speak for myself, for 800 priests and 1,000,000 Catholics —the moment the President of the United States affixed his signature to the resolutions of Congress, all difference of opinion ceased. We stand seriously, solidly and loyally behind our president and his congress. They may have information that is hidden from

us, they may know that danger threatens this nation from more than the one quarter from whence we do not expect it. But in any case they are the elected representatives of the people. This is a government of the people and by the people. We have chosen them and into their hands we have given the reins of government and by their decisions we must abide, otherwise we would prove unworthy of the blessings of a free democracy.

So in this hour of crisis I pledge the loyalty of our Catholic people to our flag, from the little drummer boy in the orphan asylum to the aged veteran in the old folks' home, the loyalty of every priest, sister, adult and school-child, to our country and to our country's flag. I do not say this in a burst of enthusiasm, carried away by the excitement of the moment, or just as an empty figure of speech. By our acts we will be judged, not by our words. Soon many of our young men will leave home to enter the ranks of the army or navy. The old Church that looked after them at home will follow them to the battlefield. God knows that we need priests sorely, but we will economize our

forces here that they may go with the soldier boys. Two of my younger priests are practically released and ready to go within an hour's notice with their regiments. Others will follow as they are needed. In anticipation of this step I have arranged with the authorities of the navy, and within 48 hours one of the most promising of the younger priests will take up the work already begun of caring for the spiritual welfare of the young recruits at the Naval Training Station at Lake Bluff, so that the young sailor lads in training there (of whom more than one-third, or nearly a thousand, are Catholics) may go forth spiritually strengthened as well as physically fit to man our battleships. Some of them may never have the chance to receive the Sacraments again, for we are now at war and our men must go forth to meet death unafraid.

Again will our Sisters of Charity and of the other communities, the angels of many a battlefield, volunteer their services and be ready to nurse the wounded and comfort the dying. Every Catholic hospital in this city will place its buildings, its equipment, its services, at the government's disposal. All of this,

remember, we do gladly and at our own expense, nor do we expect any recompense or even gratitude. We do it for God and for country. We might, in this connection, ask whether the individuals or organizations, few though they may be, who have harassed us in the courts or maligned us in the scurrilous sheets in these later years will now give some evidence of the love of country so loudly professed at a time when the country did not need them.

But we must do even more than we have done. We must not neglect those at home. When the soldier goes to war, he must feel that those he leaves at home may not be left destitute. From my own experience and the stories of others, I know that it was a long time before help from the government came to the families of those who fell in the first or second year of the Civil War, the delay being due to a lack of preparedness. That is why I want a St. Vincent de Paul Conference active in each parish. In this way we can bring quick relief to those whose breadwinner has gone to war. And to the young father serving his country whose heart

is heavy with anxiety for the wife and children he has left at home, I want to promise that, should their mother be taken from them, we will take his babies. We will give them a home. We will fight for their souls' salvation just as hard as he fights for our country's flag. We will keep them for him until he returns; and if he does not come back again, if, when the noise of the battle is over, his lifeless form lies on the distant, blood-soaked plain and his sightless eyes gaze to the starry vault of heaven, we will teach his little ones to revere his memory and follow in his footsteps and to love God and be true to their country even as was the father who has gone.

Gentlemen, that is the kind of patriotism that we preach and that we practice. It does not consist of much waving of the flag, and loud professions of patriotism, but in the present and in the future, even as in the past, when our country needs us, we will be there to do our share and even more. Now for all of this I need my people's help, for without them it would be difficult indeed; but that support will be given undividedly and unsparingly, I know.

Even without it, however, the work must go on, even were we to pledge every resource of the Church. And were we to face failure and bankruptcy in the end, it would be in a glorious cause, for it would be for God and country.

The great cry and need of our country to-day is preparedness. We too, as well as the country, need preparedness, and that is precisely what this movement, this great union of charitable endeavor for efficiency and greater results, will bring about. You are to-day preparing for the greater needs of to-morrow. Put this movement solidly on its feet, have it spread all over the city, have its branches and workers in every parish and district, then you will have an organization that will be prepared for any demand that may be made on it. Then will Chicago lead any city in the country, yes, in the world, in the support, management and efficiency of its Catholic charitable institutions and organizations. You will have benefited both the donors and the recipients. You will have given to every charitably inclined person a chance of effecting real good. You will have given to every

charitable organization an avenue for obtaining assistance it needs without sacrificing part of it in the means or agents employed in getting it. You will have given every Catholic a fixed rule by which he can give to charity more cheaply and with the satisfaction of knowing that what he gives goes in its entirety to the purposes for which it is intended. You will have given to every worthy diocesan charitable purpose the opportunity of getting more help and more satisfactory help. You will have eliminated waste, you will have promoted efficiency, you will have removed annoyance, you will have increased the gifts in size and number. You will have eliminated the need for our Sisters begging and have let them return to the more necessary work of caring for the sick and looking after the deserted, the dependent, the delinquent. You will have rid the business section of the city of scores of fake Sisters who are plying a profitable trade. You will produce more pride on the part of our Catholics and respect on the part of non-Catholics for our religious and our charitable institutions.

Finally, gentlemen, you and all who

co-operate with you, can show yourselves patriotic at this time. We cannot all go to war, we may not all be fit or able to fight for our country, but we can make it easier for those who do. We can help look after those whom they must leave behind. Those who go will be nearly all young men, many of whom support parents or wives and young families. These dependents may suffer want. Now, there is where we can step in and help, either by money or personal service. The latter will be given by the various Conferences of the St. Vincent de Paul, the former should come from all, poor and well-to-do, particularly from the latter. It simply means some personal sacrifice, and if all help, nobody will feel it much and we can effect a great deal of good.

And now, gentlemen, I have rarely welcomed any movement as warmly as I would welcome this, for if successful it would be the greatest stimulus in the cause of charity and therefore for the glory of the Faith to which you belong. The name may be different, but you are nevertheless disciples of St. Vincent de Paul. Even from the stand-

point of worldly business you will find the help that you give to be a paying investment, for charity brings its reward even here, and the Lord does repay, if not to you here, then to your children and children's children here and to you a hundredfold hereafter.

Christmas Salutation to the People of the Archdiocese of Chicago, 1917

The year 1917 is drawing to its close like one of those rare sunsets when, as a blood-red ball, the sun goes down in the west, bathed in glory, but with the threat that to-morrow may bring the storm. The year that is ending has been an important year, an eventful one. It has brought its lights and shadows, its joys and sorrows, its solace and its disappointment. For a great part of the world it has brought death, disaster, desolation. For our country it has brought entry into the world-war, with the lofty patriotism and the tearful but proud parting from our soldier sons that its early stages bring. To us at home it has brought as yet but little discomfort, just a voluntary abstention now and then, hardly a deprivation sufficient to warn us of what the future may have in store. What the morrow may bring us is still hidden in the lap of God.

On the other hand we have found that the dying year was not without its compensations. Who can deny that it

has brought a marvelous outburst of generosity, of neighborly love as well as love of country? The nation has given generously of its sons, the rich of their few just as readily as the poor of their many. So, likewise, each in proportion to their means, have been lavish in giving to every worthy cause, for the relief of pain and suffering, for the better care of our young men in the army and the navy, for the lessening of misery and destitution at home. What seemed impossible a few years ago has become an every day occurrence, such as the people's gift to the Red Cross and other charities. The year has brought forth a spirit of willingness to make sacrifice for our country and its cause that shows a deeply-rooted patriotism on the part of a united people formed out of varied elements, a loyalty not only on the part of the native, but just as much on the part of the foreign-born, that gives splendid promise for the future of this republic. The year has brought with it a gradual but marked decline of bigotry, a growth of better understanding among all of our people, a truer estimate of the de-

votion of our Catholic people to this land of their birth or adoption.

So, if it has had its trials, the year now closing had its compensations, too. Were we always cradled in luxury, lulled to slumber in peace, never menaced by suffering, time would find us deteriorating in fibre, selfish in endeavor, arrogant in action. To make us a strong, virile nation, we need rain as well as sunshine; sorrow as well as joy; trials as well as comfort. A land of perpetual sunshine does not breed a robust people, neither does an untroubled country mother a race of heroes. War is not always an unmixed evil, not simply a scourge of God. It is sometimes a beneficent visitation. It is often a refining fire that parts the gold in us from the dross; that recalls to us our ideals; that trims and hardens us by self-denial and sacrifice; that makes us remember God and His judgments which lie so close to the battlefield; that makes us hear, above the noise of the battle and the cries of the wounded, the beating of the Sacred Heart of the Savior—which is nearer to us in sorrow than in joy, in pain than in pleasure, in adversity than in prosperity.

Again there comes to us the day of Our Savior's birth. It will not be a merry Christmas, but it should be a thoughtful Christmas: it may not be a jolly feast day, but it should be a prayerful one. In many a home there will be a vacant chair at the holiday meal. A million boys have gone from home, from father and mother, from wife or family. Nearly one-half of them have crossed the great ocean, ready to plunge into the seething cauldron of the battlefield, just a few of them sleep in a little row of graves on a green hillside of France. When kneeling around the crib of the Infant Savior, as loving children of Holy Church, as dutiful sons and daughters of this dear land of ours, let us place in His tiny outstretched hands the offering of ourselves, the promise that we will be resigned to His Holy Will and resolved to help our country: that we will not growl or grumble if His hand should rest heavy on us, but that whatever He sends us or permits to visit us, we will welcome.

And let us pray to Him with the earnestness of the shepherds and the deep faith of the Wise Men that He

may bless us and the things that are dear to us, not only our own little family, but this, our city; this, our diocese; this, our country; and that His hand may rest in benediction on the boys in khaki and the boys in blue, for they are our own children: that He may bring them back again to their homes and to their mothers' arms,—or, if they fall in battle, that He may receive them into His heavenly mansions—and that soon the roar of the guns and the war's alarms may cease to drown out the sound of the angels' voices and the world may again hear the Christmas message "Glory be to God in the highest and on earth peace to men of good will."

Sermon at the Diamond Jubilee of the University of Notre Dame, Indiana, June 11th, 1917

"Going, therefore, teach ye all nations: baptising them in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost. Teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you." Math. XXVIII: 19 and 20.

Your Eminence, Most Rev. and Right Rev. Prelates, Very Rev. and Rev. Fathers, dearly beloved:

Just eight days ago we listened to one of the shortest gospels of the year; and yet, few of them, if any, equal it in importance; for, in it Christ gives His farewell message to His apostles, points out to them the principal work He has given them to do, briefly defines the mission of His Church and of those to whom He had just given His divine power. He made His apostles teachers —that was to be their most important office. They were to continue His work. For that purpose He had selected them one by one. For that same purpose He had kept them by His side for three long years, that the truths He was teaching, the doctrines He was preach-

ing, might sink deep into their memories, becoming imbedded by the very weight of their repetition from His lips. After all, that was the purpose for which He had come from heaven,—man's redemption first, but necessarily man's instruction too. Finally, it was for precisely that same purpose that He was sending them the Holy Ghost, not to comfort, not even to encourage them, but rather to ground them deeper and firmer in the truths He himself had taught them, and to make these truths vivid, unforgettable, real as life itself. "The Holy Ghost whom the Father will send in my name, He will teach you all things, and bring all things to your mind whatsoever I shall have said to you" (John XIV: 26). That this was their own understanding, the one thought uppermost in their minds, the events that followed showed: for, at once, after the Paraclete had come, they begin to teach that multitude gathered from the four winds. "We have heard them," say the crowds in wonder, "we have heard them speak in our own tongues the wonderful works of God" (Acts II: 11). And coming along the early ages of Christianity, from its

very infancy, when its growth could not be hampered by pain, probation or persecution, to the time when the coming of peace and prosperity found the Church strongly intrenched in nearly every known land, through her bishops and priests, the successors of the Apostles, she has proved faithful to her principal mission, to "teach all nations." Hidden in the houses of their followers, out in the open fields, down in the bowels of the earth, early and late, in season and out of season, they taught the word of God. Later on, from the monasteries and the convents, where the Scriptures and the Fathers were cherished and transcribed and Sacred Tradition jealously guarded, there came forth the apostles who went into England, Germany, Ireland and other lands,—they, too, simple guardians, messengers and teachers of the word of God to the nations, to whom they became accredited as the ambassadors of Christ. And then, coming to the middle ages of history, perhaps there is no more conspicuous evidence of the constant indwelling of the Holy Ghost than the birth of the many Religious Orders of

the Church, brought into being each one to fit some particular time and some special need: thus, the Friars Preachers at a time when the heresy of Albigensian theories threatened the very existence of sound doctrine: the Friars Minor of St. Francis, whose mission (almost as badly needed to-day) was to preach by word and example that Christ really meant what He said in the words "Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the Kingdom of heaven" (Math. V: 3): the Society of Jesus, a picked body of trained soldiers, called into action to beat back the onrushing heresy of Luther, when it threatened to invade Spain and Italy.

With the invention and perfection of the printing-press had come the means of disseminating the knowledge, of which for centuries the monasteries had been almost the sole custodians. Then began a new demand which day by day grew stronger. Man had found another avenue for his ambition, and slowly but surely the pen and the press became mightier than the sword. In the early days, it is true, there were seats of learning, about which the scholars, who had come from far, would gather to

listen to great Masters like Alfred and Thomas of Aquin. But now it was no longer the few, but the multitude that would drink of the fount of knowledge, and education became the demand of the age. Nor was this just a mere passing fad, but, as generation followed generation, this cry became more insistent, more universal, so that truly ours may be said to be the age of education. And nowhere is this truer than right here in our own country. As a result, everyone, even the most recent immigrant to our shores, wants an education. To obtain it for his children, he will endure any sacrifice. It is the golden key that opens to them the door that is closed to him, the door of opportunity, of success, of wealth. But from sad experience the Church knows that this craving is often fraught with danger. We know that education must not be one-sided, not of the intellect alone, but also of the heart, of the soul. It is for this reason that at so great a sacrifice, with so much labor, at so great expense, we are erecting, maintaining and perfecting our schools, where God and His laws have a place in the curriculum, where religion is

taught, where from childhood the scholars learn to know, to love and to serve God and so to save their immortal souls. And yet all this labor would be useless, these schools would be like so many empty fortresses without soldiers to defend them, had we not the Religious Orders to man them—the good Sisters and Brothers who are teaching in them. These teaching Orders of the Church are filling the most pressing need of the present day. They are fulfilling the first and the most important part of the commission given by Christ to His Church, and, whether men or women, in sacred Orders or consecrated by their vows, they are the sharers of the priestly work, and by the graces of their special vocation are better able to perform it than the priests themselves. They take the little ones in their tenderest years when the impressions are made that are lasting, and by precept, by their religious dress, by their example, they model their hearts and souls according to the image of Christ, while at the same time they do not neglect to instill secular knowledge. As a result, when the children leave the school and go out

into the world, it is with an enduring impression, with an indelible memory, with a constantly reviving remembrance of the teachings, of the counsels, of the warnings of the good Sisters or the faithful Brothers who were the teachers and friends of their childhood and youth. And then later,—how many a sorrowing parent, how many a pastor of souls has not learnt by sad experience (perhaps too late) that it is in the blossomtime of youth, when nature has her springtime too in the human creature before her, when the soul of the youth and maiden are still sensitive to every touch, that guidance and companionship mean so much in the life of a growing boy and girl, and that, if religious teaching means so much as a leaven in education for the child, it means even more in the youth, so soon to begin a man's work. So we have our colleges, our academies, our high-schools for them, and again by God's wonderful Providence, (to me the convincing evidence of the abiding of the Holy Ghost in His Church, the manifestation of the great love of the Sacred Heart of the Master for us, His children) the teaching Orders which

are doing such splendid work for God's honor and glory and the salvation of souls in them. These Orders have but little recognition from any of us, and comparatively no earthly recompense; in fact, *sola spes vitae aeternae pro praemio—only the hope of the eternal life as their reward.*"

Nearly a century ago, an humble parish priest in a little village of France laid the foundations of what is today the Congregation of the Holy Cross. His intention was thereby to benefit his own beloved country and to repair the ravages the Revolution had effected in France. But, "man proposes and God disposes." The Community, of which he was the founder, was to find a field of action in a newer land. He had intended that his little Community should help to rebuild the church at home, where it was crumbling because its ministers had been martyred or dispersed: but Providence decided that they were to build a new edifice among a people not their own. And that same Providence guided the footsteps of that first little band of seven Brothers and their leader, until they came to this place. They found here a spot al-

ready consecrated to God's service, hallowed by the lives and the labors of saintly men. As early as the second half of the 17th century, there had come from that land that has cradled all of our early missionaries the zealous Pere Allouez, and his successor, the pentecostal Chardron, whose labors were so fruitful that when later the brutal despoilers destroyed this mission, burnt the chapel, imprisoned the missionary and his helpers, scattered its people, yet they failed to blot out the faith in the hearts of the simple Indians. A century later, the fire of faith still burned brightly among the descendants of those Indian tribes, and in answer to their fervent prayers, there came to them the "primogenitus" of the American priesthood, the first one to whom the Holy Ghost had come in priestly ordination in the newly-formed Province of the United States, Father Stephen Badin, who came from the missions in Kentucky and reunited the scattered flock of St. Mary of the Lake.

To this spot, even then hallowed by the lives and labors of these and other saintly men seventy-five years ago, came the founders and builders of

Notre Dame, Father Sorin and the seven Brothers. I must not infringe on the prerogative of another, who tomorrow will describe to you in burning words the work accomplished by these pioneers, but I feel that the joy of this day would be incomplete and the glory of this jubilee dimmed, did I fail to pay a brief tribute to their memory, to lay a wreath of flowers on their tomb. It is true, *Spiritus ubi vult spirat*—The Spirit breathes where He will, and God can render successful any undertaking which He has inspired; but generally God does make use of a fitting human instrument to do His work. And if we have reason to rejoice today that Notre Dame has accomplished much in God's cause, we cannot overlook the fact that Father Sorin was just such an instrument in God's hands.

When we pass in review the events of his life's history, when we read through his letters (especially those of the early days of this foundation), and particularly when we look at what has been done here in his time, we are forced to concede—all of us—that he possessed those principal character-traits that help to make up the religious leader.

First of all stands his wonderful confidence in God. His was the spirit of the crusader, crying "*Deus vult,*" "God wills it." The result was that he could not be halted in his work. He recognized the fact that he was God's instrument, and so there was no thought in his mind that his work could possibly fail. Why, that first winter in this place was enough to discourage any mortal man—but, not Father Sorin! Later on came other heavy blows—the plague that snatched from him so many priests and Brothers, all so badly needed, the conflagration that razed every building to the ground. It needed precisely these calamities to bring out splendidly that other quality of leadership, that infectious enthusiasm, which animated him and communicated itself to his brethren so as to make them immune to hardship and misfortune. The real leader is born in adversity. It does not take much to hold a following together when all goes well, but the one who can inspire his comrades and hold them to himself, and then with them pull victory out of defeat—ah! the number of such is small indeed! And when they are spiritual

leaders, we usually find them numbered among the Saints. Finally, Father Sorin possessed in a remarkable degree a delightfully human characteristic, which is perhaps best described by St. Paul in his letter to the Corinthians (1 c. IX:20) when he says, "And I became to the Jews, a Jew, that I might gain the Jews."

It has been said of him again and again that he became an American of the Americans. In planning the work of this University, he did not cling to the old established lines; rather, he absorbed some of the newness, some of the freedom, some of the clarity of the life of the people of this part of the country; and, as a result, Notre Dame progressed along new lines: so that today I know of no other institution which, while it is thoroughly Roman in its doctrine, is so completely American in its spirit. Moreover, the love of his adopted country, which he nursed in his own soul and instilled into his followers, has become one of the most cherished traditions of this monument he builded, has shown forth on every page of its history.

Can we wonder, then, that when the

land was torn by fraternal strife, and when those who were fighting and dying for the Union needed spiritual help and guidance, the priests of Notre Dame were among the foremost of the chaplains, while her novices and her students were in the front ranks of the soldiers who fought so bravely for the flag? I can see now, even as though it were yesterday, a band of grizzled veterans at their reunion in my native city years ago, and how, by common impulse, they reverently raised their caps when the name of the gallant chaplain, Father Corby, was mentioned. Can we wonder, then, that today, when the alarms of war have again resounded, Notre Dame's student-corps is decimated by the quick and ready response to the country's very first call for volunteers? In the face of these constant and well-known traditions established by this exiled French priest and his simple companions into this, our principal seat of learning in the west, I have often wondered how even the most ignorant could possibly have the indecency to question our loyalty to the flag in time

of peace, for no one ever had the hardihood of doing so in time of war.

But again, lest I encroach on another's ground, let us come down to the living present.

Three-quarters of a century have passed since the first members of the Congregation of the Holy Cross came to this spot, sacred to Our Lady of the Lake. That little band of eight has grown into a community of nearly four hundred. The tiny mustard-seed planted here by Father Sorin has grown into a giant tree, whose branches have spread all over the land and to all parts of the compass. The schools and colleges that have been founded from this parent seat of learning are found in a dozen states of the Union. And amid the many trials the Community has had to face, amid the changes that have come to it in time, in men and in place, it has ever remained true to the mission and the purpose for which it was founded,—even that same ideal that animated the early missionaries in this place two hundred years ago—to carry God's holy truth as far into the land and to as many of its inhabitants as possible. This the priests and Brothers

of the Holy Cross have done by the three great avenues of teaching,—in the church, in the school-room, in the columns of the press. From the pulpits of many churches have the Fathers of the Holy Cross preached the word of God to the rich and to the poor. Into crowded cities as well as lonely villages have they gone, sometimes one alone, sometimes in pairs or in threes, and by force of argument, by the fire of eloquence, by the reminder of man's death and judgment, have they brought strayed sinners back to the arms of the Master, and other sheep into the one fold and to the Good Shepherd.

But the great work and the glory of the Congregation of the Holy Cross is its work in the schools. In ten dioceses its priests and Brothers are engaged in teaching youth in schools, high-schools and colleges. Called into being to teach the catechism, its members have remained true to their first vocation, but they have found time to add thereto secular knowledge, so that they may take their place among the finished teachers of the land.

Their great, their lasting monument here is Notre Dame. Three-quarters of

a century ago, it was a log chapel, a little hut; today it is a university town. Then there were one priest, seven Brothers, a few scattered settlers, and the survivors of the Indians. Today Notre Dame is a complete university with a score of full collegiate courses, a faculty of national reputation, a student-body of twelve hundred,—the largest in any Catholic educational institution in the United States—with a spirit all its own, gentlemanly, studious and, above all, disciplined. In its buildings it compares favorably with any university in the land, and yet it is probably the only one that has been erected without the help of large donations, and is maintained with practically no endowment. It stands here as a monument to God's glory and to the honor of our Blessed Mother, whose golden image dominates it all, blessing all who dwell beneath its shadow. It stands here as an everlasting proof of the devotion of the children of the Church, who have given up all to teach the word of God to the children of men. To this university boys have come, neither rich nor powerful, but from its gates they have gone forth men, who

have been a force and an influence among their fellow-men, who have been the pride of their church and a credit to their country. Though we find here spacious grounds, stately buildings, splendid equipment, property valued in the many hundreds of thousands, yet this citadel of learning and religion does not owe its being to the wealthy with their millions. Instead, the priests and brothers of this community have coined their labors, their sweat and their blood to pay for its stone and metal, its brick and mortar. Their toil and their fatigue have been unending. Each one has patiently borne "the labor of the day and the heats," and when for him the night time came, he has passed his task cheerfully, uncomplainingly, on to his successor. The priests and brothers have been careful, conscientious teachers and have, in a literal sense, proven a greater success as messengers of God's word than the good Father Dujarie could ever have hoped for. They have taught the boys and youths of successive generations, and few were those whom they sent forth who were not a credit to the University that trained them. Not by preaching

and teaching alone, but by the printed word as well have the sons of Father Sorin fulfilled their mission of spreading the word of God in this land. Week after week, for more than fifty years, have they sent into every part of the English-speaking world a message of praise to Our Lady's honor fittingly labelled "Ave Maria." In these days when the aim of most journals seems to be rather to startle and scold than to instruct and entertain, when our nerves are shocked and our passions roused, rather than our attention held and our humor challenged, the "Ave Maria" comes into our homes and into our hands like an honored guest, like a charming, gentle, well-bred lady, with its kindly humor, with its wholesome bits of wisdom, with its interesting stories for young and old. It is one of the few journals that require no apology and no introduction, for once welcomed into a home, it finds its way into the heart, and is surely missed if it fails to return.

And so today, at the close of three-quarters of a century, the sons of Father Sorin have gathered at the feet of the Mother whom they have loved

so well, and in the presence of the Master for whom they have labored, to chant their "Te Deum." We have gathered here from far and from near, from the beloved Prince of our Holy Church who presides down to the poor and humble friend who lives near the college gates, to thank Almighty God because He guided the footsteps of Father Sorin to this spot seventy-five years ago. We thank Him for the many and great things that have here been done to the honor of His Holy Name, for the progress of Holy Church and for the salvation of countless souls. And we pray Him today to grant that the sons of Father Sorin may increase in number and grow in perfection, so that this University of Notre Dame in the future, even more than in the past, may be one of the glories of our Church and of our country, a home of learning, and a place of holiness. To the teachers of Notre Dame, to the pupils, to the stranger within its gates, may the golden image of Our Lady, like "a pillar of cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night" be a guide and an inspiration on their earthly journey: and when the

end comes to them and they must cross into the Promised Land, may their eyes be greeted by the glorious vision of Her, to whom in life they so often breathed the salutation, "Ave Maria."

Address to the Knights of Columbus—The Care of Delinquent Boys, February 22nd, 1916

Today an entire nation, like one great family, pauses in its daily avocations, stills the clatter of its machines, stops the wheels of its commerce, to celebrate the birthday of one who was the father of our country and was also its savior. As long as this land of ours remains the land of the free and the home of the brave, just so long the name of him who was first in war and then became first in peace, will remain first in the hearts of his countrymen. When Britain forgot the role of mother-country to assume that of cruel stepmother, and ground under foot the rights of her colonists across the seas, until they, like northern serfs or southern peons, groaned under the weight of her exactions, then did he whose natal day we commemorate today place himself at the head of his countrymen, who struggled and fought until they secured the freedom you and I do now enjoy. And, like faithful children of Holy Mother Church, we rejoice today that even in those early days there were so many of

our faith, among them Sullivan, Lafayette, Kosciusko and Pulaski, to fight with Washington side by side. We rejoice that Gen. Washington, the noble and generous father of our country, did not hesitate to give praise by name to his faithful Catholic soldiers, that he stood forth loyally for their freedom to practice their faith. And it is a matter of secret satisfaction to us that in that early struggle of our country, Arnold, the greatest bigot of them all, proved the greatest traitor to his country in the end. And so on this day, none more than we honor our country's father—none more than we will strive to preserve his memory in our children—none more than we in our schools will fervently sing "Land where our fathers died, of thee we sing." And the long roll of those who have fallen for their country's flag on the battlefields of our more recent wars will show that at no time were Catholic men deficient in patriotism, or our Catholic women wanting in the spirit of sacrifice when our country called their fathers, husbands and sons to its defense.

In a word, we are proud of our record. We have given brave soldiers to

our fatherland in war and splendid citizens in time of peace, and that, whether we were Americans by birth or just Americans in the making. For we must not forget that peace has its victories just as much as has war, and though Washington was "first in war" we hail him likewise as "first in peace." Our forefathers have imitated him when engaged in war for the defense of our country's liberty or union. Will we, you and I, enjoying the fruits purchased by their endeavors, by their blood, by their lives, will we imitate him in the peace we now enjoy? I am sure everyone of you will, without hesitation, rise and cry out "we will." But, can you? Let us see if there be some special work in which you might enroll as soldiers of peace, some movement for the welfare of the country which we hold so dear, for the city of which we are proud, for the faith which we value more than life. Today we hear much of preparedness, a splendid thing. There is also such a thing as prevention, a better thing. The question heard in every big city today is what will we do with the bad boy? In Chicago that question has become acute. The press

has heralded it the world over, so that the world is watching how Chicago will solve the menacing difficulty. Elsewhere they have grappled with the danger by creating institutions of reform. Let me say frankly that wherever the state has attempted to solve the problem it has failed; private concerns have had no better success; the reform institutions are too often breeding places of criminals. What then do we propose? Preparedness is the answer, prevention is the solution.

And that is the problem I have thought to hand over to so large and so representative a body of Catholic laymen as the Knights of Columbus. There is no work that I know of that will so merit their own personal satisfaction, that is so much a man's work and that will obtain for them the applause and the good will of their fellow-citizens more than this. What I propose is this: Let us start a probationary system of our own, a big brother movement that is really worth while. We will put up a home outside the city, where the air is good, where the surroundings are healthy, where the supervision is parental and kind,

rather than corrective. This institution, or rather its governing board, to be appointed a probationary officer of the court, and to receive first offenders from the Juvenile Court, who are placed on probation, who have not been marked with conviction for any crime, and who will come to us for the very same reason that the state isolates those who have been exposed to contagion. I have always maintained that we alone can handle this situation, because we have those who dedicate their lives to the strayed and the straying. The state has tried it and failed; philanthropic and perhaps well-meaning organizations may attempt it, but accomplish little or nothing; even our Sisters would not be able. But the Lord has given us the religious orders of men to do the work. If our Catholic laymen who are members of your order will co-operate, I believe we will succeed where others have failed. If you will furnish the building, I will provide the Brothers to carry on the work. The secret of the success of the work will be that the boy is taken out of his environment—for it is the environment that produces the good or bad man.

We are giving him a new home—for it is only too often because a boy lacks a home that he takes to the streets for his recreation, for his companions and finally for his occupation. This is a big problem, which must be handled in a big way by big men, and then it will be productive of big results.

This will be a difficult task, it means much care, the expenditure of a large sum, but if you succeed, and I believe you will, then the citizens of this city cannot be grateful enough to you. No greater work has been attempted by any Catholic body of men, and if you carry it out, then no branch of your Order, large or small, will have accomplished what the Knights of Columbus of Chicago have accomplished. It is much easier to erect a splendid clubhouse, but, gentlemen, I would rather help save the soul of a kiddie of the streets than erect the finest monument in Chicago. It is perhaps simple to perpetuate one's memory by giving a library or endowing a university, but to take a boy from the street-corner and from temptation, give him a chance which he may not have had, set him right and show him how when he has

made just a youthful mistake,—that means writing one's name in letters of gold in the register where neither time nor eternity will ever blot it out. Perhaps the Church (that means the bishop), might have solved the problem of his own accord—but that is not my way—I want the help of my people—I would not deprive you of the opportunity of doing great good. I would not take from you the chance to earn the reward promised by Him who repays even a glass of water given in His name, who will reward in eternity what is done for those whom He calls "The least of these my little ones." I would not steal from you the opportunity of performing a great civic duty and earning the commendation and heartfelt gratitude of your fellow-citizens. To you, gentlemen, who have children of your own, I am pleading for the boy who is begging for a chance, who is too young to know that he has done wrong, who is not a hardened criminal, just a boyish first offender. You are the judge and the jury. I place his case in your hands. Today we honor our country's father, our country's founder, our country's savior. When I was a little boy in

school we wrote in our copy-books this couplet, "Lives of great men all remind us, we can make our lives sublime, and departing leave behind us footprints in the sands of time."

Address at the Dedication of the Bishop Quarter School for Little Boys, Oak Park, Illinois, October 12th, 1917

Some time ago an old Religious, who has been in many parts of the world and has a deserved reputation for both knowledge and experience, told me that the greatest work of charity in this diocese during the past two years was the establishment of the Bishop Quarter School for little boys. "For," said he, "you will find plenty of little convent schools for girls of all ages, but few, if any, seem to think of and make provisions for the little boys." I tell this now for the consolation of the good Dominican Sisters and their Mother Prioress, who so cheerfully took up this work when it was offered to them by the Archbishop.

Personally, I have rarely found anybody so helpless and so lonesome as a young husband whose wife has died and left him the whole care of their little children. He actually seems lost. He hardly knows where to turn in his grief for the wife who has gone and his love for the little ones that remain. He has not the time, for he must work, nor

the knowledge, for that belongs to a woman, to care for them. He does not want to give them to others, for they are bone of his bone and flesh of his flesh. He wants to see them often, for they are his children and they remind him, too, of the wife whom he loved. He wants to see them cared for, kept clean, properly fed and educated in mind and moulded in soul. And for this he will gladly make sacrifices, will gladly deny himself many things so that his children may not be neglected. Often the poorer he is, the more he desires it, the more sacrifices he will make.

An incident occurs to me now, which is very vivid although it happened many years ago. I had established a little school under the care of the Sisters. It was a free school, but in a fashionable neighborhood, and I was compelled to restrict it to children living within the parish limits or whose parents were pew holders. One night a plainly dressed woman called on me. She reminded me that as a young priest I had married her, her husband being a non-Catholic. She told me that they now had three boys and had lately

moved into the neighborhood. I found on inquiry that they were living just outside the parish limits. Of course, I had to adhere to my rule, but her plea to have the boys entered in this school was so earnest that I picked out the two lowest-priced seats, and then cut even that price in two. But when I told her what it was, she shook her head and said "I'm afraid we can't make it. My husband is only a clerk; he earns nineteen dollars a week; we pay twenty dollars a month rent, and three boys need a lot of clothes and food; I don't see how we can afford it."

"Well," I said, "go home and think it over and come back again on Wednesday night to see me."

She came back again on Wednesday saying, "I talked it over with my husband. When we could not find any other way, he said 'I want the boys to go to a Catholic school, and to pay seat-money, I will give up smoking—you can keep my tobacco money, that will pay for the seats'." "All right," I said. "Send the boys; I'll find room for them in the school. I won't be outdone in generosity by a non-Catholic man, especially when it is a question of religious

education for the children." This happened nearly ten years ago. Since then the man has come into the Church, and I have one of the boys studying for the priesthood. I cite this example to show that perhaps the age is not so selfish as we sometimes think, that there are people ready to make sacrifices for their children's eternal welfare, and that the poorer they are, the more ready they often are to deny themselves not only pleasures but even necessities for this purpose.

These things were taken into consideration in the founding of this school, where a father can leave his motherless little boy for a longer or shorter period of time, where the little fellow will receive a mother's care from the Sisters, where the father can come as often as he wills to visit him, and where a workingman's child will be as welcome and will receive the same treatment as a rich man's, at as low an expenditure to the father as possible. The Sisters do not expect that this school will be a paying investment, at least in a worldly sense. They have not established it for that purpose. It is for little boys whose fathers must labor day after day for a

modest salary. But at the same time, we must not forget that there is a very heavy debt on this building, a large sum must be paid every six months in interest, the cost of living is very high, and the Sisters, in making the rates as low as possible, are running a risk unless there is a goodly number of children and all pay promptly.

The School is named after the first Bishop of Chicago. Next year it will be 75 years since a New York priest, Rev. William Quarter, was named first Bishop of the newly-formed Diocese of Chicago. At that time the great grandfather of the present Archbishop's father was worshipping in the basement of St. Mary's Church, New York, of which Father Quarter was pastor, so this School will act as a link doubly binding the past and the present, as a memorial erected to the memory of our first Bishop by the eighth Bishop, and third Archbishop, of Chicago. Moreover, just four hundred and twenty-five years ago today, Christopher Columbus, that splendid representative Catholic, first planted the cross of Christ on the soil of this fair land. Today, on the anniversary

of that event, just four and a quarter centuries later, we have affixed that same cross to the walls of this building, first the home of purely secular learning, but now the abode of charity, of religion, of education. May it for many years be a place of consolation for countless bereaved fathers and a shelter and a home for countless motherless boys!

Address at the Silver Jubilee of the Women's Catholic Order of Foresters, Auditorium, Chicago, April 28th, 1916

I have come here this evening to participate in the celebration of your Silver Jubilee. I have also come here formally to accept a new office—one of the many that have come to me during the past few months. It is not only an office, but an honor as well. It is a distinction to be High Court Chaplain of the Catholic Women Foresters, and as such I assume it.

I have been receiving so many gifts and so many responsibilities that I am getting afraid that the transaction is somewhat one-sided, so I am going to give something away, something that belongs to me, something that goes with the office and dignity of Archbishop of Chicago. And that something I am going to give to you, representative Catholic women of this diocese; and just because it is a gift that comes from your High Court Chaplain, you will not only accept it, but you will be delighted to be singled out for this

honor. It is this: in a word, I am going to turn over a little part of my responsibility to the Catholic Women Foresters of Chicago.

The history of recent years has shown that only too often have good Catholic organizations died of dry rot, simply because there was nothing for them to do in the way of helping others. It is a commendable thing to do, to provide for those near and dear to us, by assisting Providence in saving for a rainy day: it is wise to form strong organizations of men or women: it is splendid to have a large organization like yours to represent a diocese, and finer still to see the spirit that now animates it—but we are approaching the ideal, when an organization like yours has as its object not only the mutual good of its members, but also the good of others,—when it works to interest them and so help them and their children; when it attempts to solve a problem of the day; when it does its share to bring about an improvement in individual conditions that surround the homes in the city. The day has gone by when either as individuals or as organizations we can

simply look after our own little personal interests and rest content with that. We must help others. We cannot say "Am I my brother's keeper?" We are keepers—helpers, protectors of others, of the weak, of the young, of the dependent: we are accountable for them; society will hold us accountable: God will hold us accountable. To care for them is a duty we owe our neighbor; but it is more than a duty, it is a source of grace, of blessing. The man or woman, who has lived alone, for self, who has not helped others,—I say he or she has lost one of the greatest, one of the sweetest comforts in life. It makes no difference either whether the subject benefited turns out worthy or unworthy. In the latter case there is a disappointment, it is true, but the gratification that comes from the consciousness of having really helped another fellow-being is something that cannot be described, that cannot be bought by money, that is like a remnant of paradise. I have had my share of it and I know, and that is why I want others, why I want my people, to participate.

Now what is it, Ladies, that I would

have you do? What is the work I would entrust to your organization?

For a number of years a little body of young women have been courageously trying to do a certain work, but though brave and willing enough, yet they are not strong enough in numbers to accomplish it. Knowing that it needed a big body of women to take it up and carry it along, I thought of you, and, to be candid, I said: "If the Catholic Women Foresters want me as their High Court Chaplain they must be ready to work."

In the business section of this city there are seventy to eighty thousand young girls at work daily, in offices, in stores, in shops. From sixty to seventy per cent. of them are Catholic girls, and more than half of them are eighteen and under—the dangerous age. Cannot something be done to make things a little better, a little smoother, especially a little safer for them? Now I have outlined a plan to your officers, by which, without too great an expense, your organization can be an agency for good among our little working girls; can provide for them rest and good food and pleasant surroundings; can

watch over their welfare and safeguard some of them from danger. If you help to save just a few girls from dangers that threaten them in a big city, the innocent, delicate little working-girls of today, who will be the mothers of tomorrow, it will be worth while. You know it is not bombast to say that all the gold in the treasury in Washington could not pay for those few souls. As individuals you might do but little, but as an organization you would do much, for you are more than 30,000 in this city alone. You could make your force felt, you could make your name known throughout the city, and the burden on the shoulders of each of you would be so light as to be practically unnoticeable.

When this vital matter was first broached, the answer given was, "If the Archbishop tells the women to do it, it will be done." So that is my purpose here now—to tell you to do it. I have given the men the care of the boys; they accepted the task with enthusiasm. I am giving the women the girls. I know they will be just as ready, just as willing. And you will be successful; if you take it up in the right spirit, you

are bound to be; and if you do, your organization will merit the respect and the good will of all the people of Chicago, and you will receive, too, the blessing of Almighty God. To some it will mean labor, planning and arranging details; but to the most of you it means only the addition of a few pennies to your monthly dues, but, in the course of time, it will bring about a monument to the Catholic Women Foresters of Chicago. You will have something that is entirely your own to foster, you will have a work to mother, you will have something right in the whirlpool of traffic, in the center of business, in the heart of the city, that you can point to and say that it is yours. It will be a work of prevention, not covering up a mistake, healing a wound or correcting an error. It will mean helping in your own way to keep the innocent white, the simple safe, the young healthy and sound. Finally it will be the silver milestone that will mark the completion of the first quarter century of your existence, and an insurance against decay during a similar period of the years full of golden promise that now lie before you.

Address at the Charity Concert of the St. Vincent de Paul Society, Auditorium, Chicago, October 20th, 1916

I believe I am hardly violating a confidence when I tell you the following incident that happened to me lately. A young man called and asked me whether he might dedicate to me a book he had written dealing with modern social questions and particularly with philanthropic work. Before permitting him to do so, I was careful to find out something about its contents. He explained to me that the theory he advocated was that gradually the State was to take over the care of the dependent, the unfortunate, the incompetent. Even where their care and supervision was left in the hands of other agencies, for instance, to the Religious Orders of the Church—like the Little Sisters of the Poor for the care of the aged, or the Sisters of Charity for the care of infants—even then the State was to supply all the necessary funds. When he had made this clear to me, I said: "Son, I don't know how long I am going to live, but I hope I will not live long enough to

see the condition you describe come into existence. For, when you take from a man the chance to help from his own scant earnings and savings his poorer, weaker, needier neighbor, then you not only rob him of the one great opportunity of piling up merit for himself in heaven, but you deprive him of one of life's purest and holiest feelings of peace and satisfaction. In a word, you would do away with every chance to practise not only the Godlike virtue of charity, but also the very lovable natural virtue of philanthropy."

Nowadays, these two words, charity and philanthropy, are mixed up rather frequently and indiscriminately, and the man or woman of rather ordinary intelligence becomes somewhat confused as to the meaning of either. Where does the difference lie? I am not going to attempt a definition of these terms; but let us see if I can illustrate it by an example. A modern good Samaritan, for instance, finds a man sick and destitute. This man is nothing to him but a fellow-being, but he is suffering and in want. Our Samaritan helps him, feeds him, nurses him, clothes him, and coaxes him back to health. He does so

because he is naturally kind, unselfish, sympathetic, and feels happier when he is giving something away to one deserving of help than when he is receiving something from another. He doesn't do it for glory, for pay, maybe not for gratitude, but simply because he feels happy in helping a fellowman. That man is a philanthropist, and a mighty good one, too. But, along comes our St. Vincent de Paul man, and he finds a man sick and destitute. He helps him, feeds him, nurses him. The reason he does it is not because he likes it, not because it gives him a thrill of satisfaction, but because he recognizes in this suffering individual Christ himself; because he is as really and truly ministering to the Lord himself as if the Savior had suddenly appeared to him; because of his belief in the literal meaning of the words: "What you have done to these, the least of my little ones, you have done to me." He does it, not to receive the thanks of another, not even the approbation of his own kindly heart, but for the reward promised by Christ himself. Every true St. Vincent de Paul man, therefore, is a philanthropist, yet not every philanthropist can

be classed as good as a Vincentian. The latter includes the former, and again "the greatest of these is charity."

In the Church today we have societies, sodalities, confraternities. We have Catholic societies and societies of Catholics. But I have ever maintained that there is no body of laymen in the Church more Christian, more Catholic, more charitable, than the St. Vincent de Paul Conferences.

Quietly, constantly, unostentatiously, they are doing a work more helpful to individuals, more beneficial to the community, more fruitful to themselves, than any other. When filled with the proper spirit, when animated by the proper motive, they are fulfilling the Savior's mission, of Whom it was said: "He went about doing good." A good Catholic layman's activity should not be confined to his own family; it should be felt outside. It is true that "charity begins at home," but it is a mighty poor kind of charity that, having begun at home, stays at home and ends at home. Let him become a member of his parish conference of the St. Vincent de Paul Society, and at once he is opening a savings-bank account which will stand

him and those dear to him in good stead when the spiritual rainy day comes around. But, if we cannot all become Vincentians, we can at least become auxiliary members of St. Vincent de Paul Conferences. We can become helpers of charity, by giving assistance and encouragement on occasions like this, and to those actively engaged in the work; by giving the helping hand and the cheering word when it is needed; by furnishing to the Samaritan the oil and wine to pour into the wounds of the stricken. What, then, is the return? From the Source from which all blessings flow, we have a promise: "Amen, I say to you; even a cup of water given in My name will receive its reward."

Sermon on the First Sunday of Lent, Holy Name Cathedral, Chicago, 1917

"Not my will, but Thine be done."—Luke XXII:42.

It was when I was still a boy that I came one day face to face with a tragedy. Without knocking, I rushed into a neighbor's home. I found there an old woman, her grey hair dishevelled, her face haggard with grief, her eyes red with weeping. Her daughter had brought dishonor and disgrace upon the honest mother's head and sorrow into the little home.

Perhaps because I was only a child, the old woman bared her soul to me, and in broken words told me of how, when this daughter was a child, she fell ill and came close to death's door. "And I prayed," she said, "I prayed so awful hard that she might be spared to me! I asked God to grant me this, if He never gave me anything else in life. I snatched her from God's hands. I would not give her up, I prayed, 'God, don't let her die! I want her more than I have ever wanted anything, more than I ever will want anything—let me

keep her, and I'll never complain.' Why, why did I do it? What a fool I was! If only she had died then, if only I had not prayed as I did. Sonny, learn from me. Don't ever ask anything from God, if it is against His will." Time, like the surf of the sea, rolls over and blots out many memories, but the sight of her pain-scarred face I have never forgotten, and her burning words I have ever remembered. I had looked into a human soul and, child as I was, I had seen there sorrow, remorse and despair. The dear old woman and her erring daughter are both long since gone, and I trust they have found, the one, the Great Consoler, the other, a merciful Judge.

It was in the first year of my priesthood,—the oil of ordination had hardly dried on my hands. One night, taking another's place, I was called to attend a sick boy. He was the only son of a widow—a lovely little child, the apple of his mother's eye, with a manner as gentle as a girl's and a soul as white as a baby's, where no sin had ever found entry. He was an altar-boy in the church and a leader in his class.

He loved his mother almost as much as his mother loved him. He was very ill; his frail frame was ravaged by fever, and the doctor gave no hope of his recovery. I told the young mother as gently as I could. Her grief was tragic, but it was mixed with a fierce determination to fight for her young. She forgot everything else but that this was her child which some unseen power was trying to take away from her, and she stood guard over him, prepared to defend him with all her strength. She would not give him up. "No, I won't give him up! God can't ask it of me! Why, he's all I have. I can't, I can't give him up!" she cried again and again.

I left them. The little lad had received all the Sacraments and was already unconscious. It was one of those warm summer nights, when after midnight a fitful little breeze springs up and an exhausted city sinks to slumber, the fretful children cease their crying and the fagged-out parents sleep. This heart-broken mother was watching over her boy and listening to his broken breathing, when, an hour or

so after midnight, she heard the sounds of a scuffle in front of the house breaking the stillness of the night. Looking from the window, she saw the figures of three young men on the walk below. Two of them were evidently trying to raise up the third, who seemed to be completely drunk. "Come on," they said, "get up. We want to get you home." Like light through a rift in the clouds, these words seemed to cleave through his drunken stupor, and he muttered: "No, no, don't take me home. It would kill my mother to see me like this!"

To the watcher by the bed-side in the room above, these words came like a sword piercing the mother's soul. "Oh God, I'll give him up," she cried—and just as the dawn crept over the housetops, the little light flickered and died down, the little heart stopped beating, the mother's head was bowed above the lifeless form. The Lord had accepted the sacrifice. The little lad had become an altar-boy at God's throne. Today there lives in that eastern city a white-haired little woman. She has but one real interest in life,—to look forward to

the day when she will be summoned, and a little boy's hand will clasp hers again, at the threshold of heaven.

My dear friends, we are living today, not in a critical age, but in an age of criticism. It has become almost a matter of good form to question the motives and decisions of our superiors, so that it takes a great deal of courage for a man who is in any way sensitive, to aspire to elective office. When religious influences no longer control, how often do we not find children disrespectful, subjects disobedient, friends selfish and disloyal? The contagion has spread to our own people and we find that even those who are nourished with the body and blood of the Savior are affected by this spirit of the times and the world. We, who have the guidance of the church and the parish, sometimes find the cold, clammy grasp of criticism paralyzing and deadening our efforts for the spiritual advancement of our people. And this does not come from without, but from within, where we should least expect to find it—from those who should uphold our hands,

who should advance our work, who should support our efforts.

But, as we well know, the sharp tooth of criticism bites even deeper. There is a growing spirit of dissatisfaction with God. If His decrees do not satisfy us, we do not hesitate to complain of Him, even sometimes to come out in open rebellion against him. Sometimes it's due to pride, sometimes to selfishness, sometimes, perhaps only to thoughtlessness, but it happens again and again. We reverse the rule, we put our wills, our convenience, our temporary happiness, above God's will.

When you and I want something from God, and we kneel down and pray to Him for it, are we not generally like the old woman in the first picture? Perhaps we are looking for health for ourselves or for someone dear to us. We want to live, or we want them to be restored to health. Do we consult an all-wise God as to whether it is best for our souls, and our eternal salvation: or do we not rather appeal—even dictate—to an all-powerful Giver of life and death to grant what we want whether it is best for us or not?

It may be that we are ambitious, we are looking for success, for position, for money and the comfort that money brings. And if it does not come, if we fail, if we remain poor and struggling and by hard work win only enough to keep ourselves and our families from absolute want, then we are disappointed with God. He has not come up to our expectations. He has not heard our prayer. "Oh, what's the use of praying anyway?"

We forget that God wants us to save our souls, far and above anything else, and that when we pray He hears our prayers, by giving us what is best for us. We forget the hundreds, yes and thousands, right here in this city, who might have saved their souls, had they remained poor and humble and struggling. A short time ago, there died a man away from church and God, without a chance to make an act of sorrow or repentance. He had been a good boy in school, he had even served as altar-boy for a saintly priest, but as he grew older he grew prosperous, and the riches turned his thoughts from God, and in the end he died as he had

lived. How many there are like him! Does not God know what is best for you and me?

But a short time ago there appeared in one of our newspapers a lengthy discussion as to why God does not hear our prayers and stop the bloody warfare in which so many are losing their lives. Of course, to those outside of the Church, those without the gift of faith, the idea may not occur that perhaps God is working out the spiritual regeneration of the peoples of Europe by the very visitation that this war brings into nearly every home and family. Yet we are told that in France thousands and thousands of young men, who had not gone to church or Sacraments from childhood, cleansed their souls in the Sacrament of Penance before braving death in battle; and every Christian's soul must be moved to read that wonderful Christmas pastoral letter of the Bishops in Germany with its note of triumph, not for earthly successes that the war has brought or may bring, but for the triumph of Christ, for the return of almost an entire people from frivolity, from laxity, from

dangerous doctrines to the observance of the law of God, to the practice of Christian simplicity, to confidence in the Lord and resignation to His Holy Will. "Thus have these hard times brought us nearer to the Savior. We could rejoice in the special mercies of His Divine Heart and hear throughout all the noises of the war, the beating of that quiet, loving, soul-seeking heart." How foolish for us to subject God to an examination by the microscope of our own selfish reasoning, or even foolishly to ask whether we have lost faith, because God does not end the war when we tell Him to do so!

During the holy season of Lent, we, the followers of Christ, the children of Holy Church, in a spirit of penance and fasting and prayer, contemplate the scenes in the passion and death of our Savior. There is just one scene I would bring to your mind, and if that alone would remain indelibly etched in our memory with the lesson it conveys to us, then for you and me this Lenten time would prove a profitable one indeed. It is the scene in the Garden, when, on the night before His death,

the silent figure of the Redeemer, all alone, faced the vision of the sins of the world. So awful was this vision, so great the flood of the sins of vile treachery, of beastly lust, of awful ingratitude, to this pure, sinless Son of God, that the very weight of it crushed His Sacred Heart, and drove His precious blood oozing out through every pore in His body, until it fell from Him like rain and gathered in a puddle on the ground. But when His human nature recoiled at the sight and His human will rebelled at the thought of the immensity of the sacrifice, and He cried, "Father, let this chalice pass from me"; He added at once (and this is our lesson, yours and mine) "but not my will, but Thine be done."

Sometimes a chalice is pressed to our lips by the angel who carries out the will of God. It may be filled with gall and wormwood, but it can never be for any of us as bitter as was the chalice of Gethsemane. So if it be in God's design that we must suffer, whether it be pain or disgrace or disappointment, let us look back on the scene in the garden, and remember that the Son of God

showed us how, and resolve that, like Him, we, too, will not flinch; we, too, will drink the chalice of bitterness that comes to us from the hand of God; we, too, will have the faith, the courage, and the confidence in God and resignation to His Holy Will, to repeat with Jesus the words: "Not my will, but Thine be done."

Address at the Dedication of the New Church of St. Ignatius Loyola, Chicago, September 16th, 1917

When the Reformation of the 16th century had broken out in Germany, and like an epidemic or a scourge had spread in different directions, it passed through many towns and villages, leaving in its train, like the ravages of the scourge, the emptied churches, the scattered congregations, the disordered peoples, and came finally to the borders of Spain and Italy. But the Lord, having a special affection for these two Latin countries, ordained that heresy and schism were to leave them unscathed.

To combat this plague, He called forth a small body of skilled spiritual physicians, who were found all prepared at its coming.

By them, almost 400 years ago, it was checked, and Luther's teachings never crossed the Alps into Italy or the Pyrennes into Spain. The man who was the head and the leader of this body of physicians of the soul was the one whose name we have attached to this

splendid basilica, Ignatius of Loyola. He and his companions were the predecessors of the Fathers who are in this sanctuary today and to whose care, guidance, and instruction your souls and those of your children are entrusted by us. In the four centuries that have passed since then, the Society had not changed much, for St. Ignatius was a wonderful and far-sighted man; he had not only a profound love of God, but he had a keen knowledge of men; he had not only the desire of eternal happiness for himself, but he had an insatiable lust for souls; he was not only working for his own time, but he was building for the future. He laid down for his followers what is perhaps the most arduous course of training that any body of men, no matter what may be their position or profession, must undergo. And he has builded well, for, wherever they have been, they have proven to be a help to religion, a credit to the Church and a consolation to the bishop. After their long years of training, of discipline and of study, they have without ceasing, taught the youth in their schools and the adults in

their churches. They have been active in this city for fifty years, and in every walk of life are found the thousands who have been the recipients of their ministrations in the class-room, from the pulpit and in the confessional.

You people of this parish have been especially fortunate. During the little more than a decade of its existence, the Jesuit Fathers have been your spiritual fathers, pastors and guides. Small and insignificant was the beginning, but the growth was rapid, and today success crowns their work. In the ceremony of this morning, we see simply the faithful observance of one of the traditions of the Society. In every great city you will find the richest, the most ornate, the most beautiful of the churches is the Jesuit church. You will find in the Jesuit churches the choicest paintings of the masters, the finest compositions in music, the most eloquent of preachers in the pulpit and the most crowded congregations in the pews.

So today we welcome St. Ignatius among the best architecturally of our Chicago churches, a monumental basilica church which will grow even more

beautiful with the years. We can rest assured that nothing will be left undone to make beautiful and attractive the services of the church. We know that this new Jesuit church will be characterized by stateliness of liturgy, by richness of music, by excellence and solidity of preaching. May it serve as a fountain of blessings and a source of influence for good in every home in this parish, that among you may be verified the first prayer recited here this morning, "O God, who to propagate the greater glory of Thy name, didst through the Blessed Ignatius strengthen the Church militant with a new army, grant that by battling with his aid and example on earth, we may deserve to be crowned with him in heaven."

Sermon on the Feast of All Saints, Holy Name Cathedral, Chicago, November 1st, 1916

On different days of the year, we commemorate the birthday of some favorite of ours among the Saints. It may be of St. Patrick, St. Joseph, St. Rita or one of the feastdays of our Blessed Mother. But there is one day of the year, the great family-feast of the Catholic Church, the day of All Saints, that, with its companion, All Souls day, is more dear, more intimate, than any other. On these days we gather for a reunion with our friends among the departed, those who have finished life's labor, who have arrived safely at the end of the journey, who have died in the friendship of God and have gone to sleep in the arms of Jesus, Mary and Joseph.

One of the most impressive and majestic passages in all of Holy Writ is read in the epistle of tomorrow's feast when the inspired writer, describing the hosts of heaven, after numbering the elect of the tribes of Israel, uses these words, "After this, I saw a great

multitude, which no man could number, of all nations and trĭbes and peoples and tongues, standing before the throne and in sight of the Lamb, clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands." (Apoc. VII:9.) Why, even when I was a child, I was always moved by the reading of this passage. I could almost see them pass by, the never-ending procession of God's friends, from the king to the beggar—the courtier in his golden robes, the soldier in his suit of mail, the mendicant in his sack of rags, the very savage of the wild in his breech-clout, the apostles, the prophets, the confessors, the virgins, the learned and the lowly, the powerful and the servant, the master and the slave, the red and the yellow as well as the black and the white, the sons and daughters of Sem, Cham and Japhet,—all of them further than the eye could see, more numerous than the stars in heaven, as different as the stars in glory, "the multitude which no man could number," the blessed in heaven, the friends of God, the saints in glory.

Tomorrow, we forget, in a way those whose names have been formally in-

scribed on the calendar of the saints, whom God has glorified by signs and wonders, and whom Holy Mother the Church by her infallible authority has placed upon her altars for our veneration, and we honor in particular the millions of others, unknown to us now perhaps but in whose company you and I hope to spend eternity, those who occupy the thrones vacated by the fallen angels, those who have saved their souls and who are now basking in the sunlight of the Beatific Vision. But did I say unknown? Let us see; in all that vast throng is there no face that you and I may recognize? Why yes, for some of us there is perhaps the dear old father or mother, who lead such a simple, strict, religious life, who gave us such good example, and died so peacefully, comforted by the last Sacraments, with the Holy Name on their lips. They are in that throng; they died in God's friendship. We celebrate their feastday tomorrow. There may be the loving husband or wife, who was taken from us so soon, but the memory of whose life is our consolation every day; or there may be the little baby

whom the Lord lifted from our arms that it might be a little angel playing before His heavenly throne. Oh yes, there are but few of us who have not some friend there, some one, at least, among all the Saints.

Do you understand, then, why this is the great family-feast, why the day is one that is near and dear to us? The true Catholic's heart beats with joy this day, the kind of joy a mother feels when her child is delivered, the kind of joy that the family experiences when the war is over and the father has returned home, that we feel when a friend has arrived safe after a peril at sea.

With the next day, come signs of mourning, the black vestments, the dirge-like music, the repeated cry "Requiem aeternam." And yet the prevailing thought is not the sorrow of parting, as at a burial. There is nothing hopeless in it. Rather it is a sound of pleading. It is a message of appeal. It is a call for help from one part of the Church to the other. Those whose prayer the Church brings to us that day are also God's friends, as they are

our friends, perhaps our dearest. They are being cleansed, they are being whitened and brightened before they can go in to see God. We can help them. We can shorten that long and painful preparation, we can lighten it for them by our prayers, by the Sacraments, by the Mass. And for that they cry to us, "remember us, at least you, our friends!" Again bear in mind, that they are God's friends, and hence they can help us. If we come to their aid now, do you think for a moment that they will forget us? They will be grateful; they will repay us richly. How wonderful is God's goodness! We part from our loved ones, but we do not say farewell. We part only to meet again in eternity. And even as they are never absent from our thoughts, so are they never away from our sides. We are always in touch with them: we can help them by our prayers, and they, whether in purgatory or later in heaven, are watching over us and helping us. If we escape many perils and are freed from many dangers, it is often because a loved one is waiting and praying for us, ready to welcome

us when we have entered the portals of eternity. From the moment we become God's children in baptism, unless we ourselves become rebellious by mortal sin. He keeps us in His Church, and death only ushers us from the Church militant here on earth to the Church suffering in purgatory, and then to the Church triumphant in heaven. No matter in which of these three divisions we may be, we are bound to all those in communion with us by the close bond of mutual help and love, the love that glorifies life's pathway here and makes happy our Father's mansions hereafter.

Just think of this sometimes, and with a better understanding will you recite the closing words of your profession of faith, "And I believe in the Holy Catholic Church, the communion of Saints, the forgiveness of sins, the resurrection of the body and life everlasting. Amen."

Sermon on Good Friday, Holy Name Cathedral, Chicago, April 21st, 1916

There is no day in the calendar of the Church that is so vested with mourning as is Good Friday. It is the one day of the year that is literally steeped in sadness. Our neighbors of other beliefs and those of no belief at all sympathize with us as a body today, even as they do with us individually when a death occurs in our home. Pleasure is suspended, amusements are postponed, even business is halted, out of sympathy for us, and the world over, Christians throng their churches even as you do this evening. Here, the bells are silent, the organ is hushed, no music is heard but the haunting, sorrowing notes of the Prophet's lamentations, and the plaintive, pleading, prayerful psalms of the royal singer, foretelling as they do, almost describing in advance, the great event which took place on this day. We find here the altar bare, the tabernacle empty, the sanctuary stripped of its ornaments. Everything seems to tell us that a tragedy

has taken place, everything tries to move our senses to sorrow, to remind us that some one near and dear to us has suffered and died.

And yet, why this universal sorrow, why this cry of mourning and affliction without a single note of joy to relieve it? Is not this the day for which the nations had waited for four thousand years? Is not this the time when the great price of our salvation was paid? By the great event of this day were not the shackles stricken from our hands, the bonds of slavery that held the human race broken, the gates of heaven opened again, so that you and I might enter therein? Why, then, are we sorrowing today? Why should we not rather rejoice because we have been redeemed?

That you may better understand, come with me, O Christian people, for a short while this evening, and I will take you up to the hill-top. I will not bring you through the awful agony of that night; I will not ask you to count the blows that fell upon the helpless figure tied to the pillar; I will not ask you to stand by and watch while the

long sharp thorns are pressed down upon the white forehead, until they dig deep into the very cells of the brain; I will not drag you here along the weary way of the Cross, nor ask you to witness the breaking of a mother's heart when she bids farewell to her son; I will not have you stand by when the blunt nails are hammered through the quivering hands and feet. No, I will spare you this. But come with me for a vision of that scene on Calvary's mount; look at your God hanging on a wooden cross; see the price He paid for the blotting out of your sins, and judge for yourself why it is that all the world weeps with you at the bare remembrance of that first Good Friday.

There, on the top of the hill of Calvary, in the glare of the noon-day sun, on the middle of the three crosses, its entire weight suspended by the nails driven through the hands, there hangs a figure, hardly distinguishable as a man, although the inscription above him tells us that this is Jesus of Nazareth, King of the Jews. So shocking is His condition, so terrible has been the punishment He has received, that

there is hardly a speck of the white skin to the found on His entire body; it is rather like one great wound, like a great blotch of caked blood attached to that cross. Not a movement in the body, not a vestige of life is apparent. The body is crumpled up, hanging like a dead weight from the two nails; the head has fallen forward and is resting on the chest; the lower jaw has dropped; the eyes are glassy and partly closed. It seems indeed as if death had come to relieve this man on the cross, this man of many sorrows, this victim of a people's hate and fury.

There beneath him are the thousands who had come to Jerusalem for the days of the pasch. There they are huddled together like a herd of cattle, the faces all turned upwards, the eyes fixed on one point—the figure on the central cross. There they are, restlessly moving, unquiet, disturbed, like the surface of a troubled sea. Ordinarily a sluggish people, something had broken loose within them, a wave of hysteria had swept over them, the thin veneer of an uncouth civilization and self-restraint had been scratched from the surface,

and bald, brutal, naked passions had broken forth. Their faces distorted with partial madness, their eyes bulging with hate, their voices hoarse and raw with constant shouting, they had become a lawless, irresponsible mob that had broken away from all restraint: they had tasted blood, they had seen it flow from this innocent victim, and like a herd of jungle-tigers, like a pack of timber-wolves, they would not rest content until the last drop of blood had oozed forth, until their living victim had become a lifeless corpse, until the man on the cross had given up his spirit.

What is it that has come over this people? They are not all strangers, for all Jerusalem is gathered in that mob. And even the others,—all had heard of Him, knew of His goodness, and most of them had at some time seen Him. There was no one in that crowd to whom he had done a harmful turn. Not even the priests and pharisees, who were now going about adding fuel to the flame, whose sneering words fell like poisoned saline drops into the raw and inflamed minds, not even them had

He harmed; for had He not taught the crowds to respect their authority, even though He rebuked their hypocrisy? There were some there whom He had fed when they were hungry; there were others whose sick He had cured, but they dared not speak for Him now. There were mothers there whose memories must have recalled to them the day when He blessed their little ones with the words, "Suffer little children to come to Me, for theirs is the kingdom of Heaven." Now in the hour of his need, where was the mother whose only son He had restored from the dead? Where was the leader of the synagogue whose little girl He had brought back to life? Where was the father of the lunatic boy? Where were the thousands He had fed in the desert and who wanted to make Him a king? No one, not a single, solitary soul was left to utter one word in his defence. For three years He had gone about the country always doing good, preaching the gospel of love, ministering to the poor, helping the weak. He made friends of the lowly and the ignorant. He cured the leprous outcast. He freed

the woman of the streets from her sins.

And where are they now—all gone, all turned against Him, all part of that howling, cursing mob—all but His Mother, John, and the Magdalene! His friends, His apostles, the retinue of His disciples, have gone—disappeared when He needed them most—cowards or, worse, traitors! One of them had sold him; another, and that was the cruelest, Peter, had denied Him, even as He was passing by. Why,—oh why,—what was the reason for this dreadful change? Why had His friends become enemies? Why had an entire people forgotten a great debt of gratitude? Why had they listened to the groundless, worthless charges of the pharisees, when the sight of His good deeds had hardly faded from their eyes? There was no ground for their resentment, there was no reason for their anger, there was nothing, absolutely nothing to justify that senseless, brutal cruelty. You, young mother, if He had taken your baby boy from his little white coffin, and placed him living, breathing, smiling in your arms, wouldn't you have gone through fire for him? You, in the

flower of your manhood's strength, had you been born blind, and had He opened your eyes to see the gold of the sunshine, the blue of the sky and the faces of your loved ones, wouldn't you face and fight an army in His defence? You, young girl in your youth and beauty, had you been an outcast by the roadside, with the leprosy eating into your features and the flesh dropping bit by bit from your bones, a thing of horror to the sight and of terror to the touch, and had He come and made your flesh whole and your skin clear, would not every breath you drew be given to Him?

And yet—would you? Are you sure? Just wait a minute and see.

If you want to know what was the reason of this sudden change of front, of this brutal fury of the mob, of this awful cruelty of judge and executioner towards a helpless, innocent victim, then let your memory go back a little further. You remember that, when the Savior was taken captive in the garden, He turned to the chief-priests and magistrates of the temple and said to them, "This is your hour and the

power of darkness." Go back even further. What was it that caused His dreadful agony during the early hours of that night; what was the vision that passed before His eyes, so terrible that the blood forced through the pores of His body, dropped from Him like rain and gathered in a pool on the ground?

Was it the memory of anything disagreeable in His life? Certainly not, for He was spotless purity. Was it the anticipation of His bodily sufferings and the death He was to undergo? No, the Lord never lost His courage in that way. He was too brave for that. What was it? What was that weight that so crushed His heart and bowed His spirit? Your sins and mine were the cause of all His sufferings! Remember, my dear brethren, this is no pious, fanciful explanation; it is founded on absolute fact, on the words of Scripture, the teaching of the Patriarchs and Prophets of old, the writings of the Fathers of the Church, the belief of the Church in all ages. Your sins and mine—the sins of generations of His own children —they and they alone caused this awful tragedy. He saw them all that night,

one atop of the other, growing, multiplying, rushing on like an avalanche, crushing His sacred Heart by their awful weight, driving the very life-blood from its source. So often, oh, so often, He saw His passion and death made useless; all that He had done, all that He was to suffer, every drop of His Blood, thrown into the gutter with contempt by those He had loved with a greater than mother's love; His sacrifice despised by you and by me! It was our sins that brought about that change in the Jewish people, that egged them on to insult, to injury, to injustice. They are not so much to blame. You and I are the culprits. You and I stood in that mob. "Your hour and the power of darkness," the night when you yielded to the tempter and virtue went crashing down like a blackened ruin in your soul—that scene and that sin passed before the Savior, added to the crushing weight, whirled through the air, and like an evil spirit stirred up the passion of that mob and left its mark there in the wound on the Savior's flesh.

That evil thought, that vile plotting that gave you pleasure, caused satisfac-

tion to you, perhaps harm to another, which you foolishly thought no one knew of, see it there, pressing the thorn deeper into His brow, see it adding venom to the pharisee's tongue, adding to the hatred in the Jew's eyes, to the contempt in the Roman's treatment of the man on the cross! Why blame them? Are they more guilty than you? Did a Judas who sold Him do a more dastardly thing than you, sacrilegious Christian, who forced Jesus into your filthy heart by an unworthy communion? You with the mark of Cain on your brow, who drove an unborn infant into outer darkness without a chance of seeing God, did you not help wield the hammer that drove the nails? You, who by your wretched, bad example and by your sneering words about God, His Church, His ministers, and those who try to do their duty, helped to tear down the defenses that might have saved a young man's or woman's faith from destruction and them from spiritual death, were you not in the forefront of those who yelled aloud, "Others He has saved, Himself He cannot save! If thou be the Son of God, come down

from the cross"? No, don't blame the Jews! You and I are the ones to take the blame. Our sins crucified the Lord.

Therefore, in humble acknowledgment of your guilt, in sincere contrition for your misdeeds, raise your eyes in supplication to the Savior dying on the cross,—and see, almost as if in answer to your prayer, the head is slowly raised, the eyelids open, the lips are parted, and from them comes a prayer, a prayer as much for you and for me as for the mob below, "Father, forgive them for they know not what they do." "They did not know that they caused me such pain, so much suffering, such awful agony. They did not know that their sins of weakness and their sins of malice were the executioners of their God. They are poor, ignorant, miserable sinners. Forgive them; do not let them perish, Father, spare them for my sake. See, I die for them." And even as for the three years of His public life, He wandered footsore and weary, searching for the weak, the unfortunate, the sinful, to save them, to restore them to grace; so now, when hanging to the cross, beaten, bruised, wounded, dying,

this great Good Shepherd pours forth all the golden love of His sacred Heart into one last appeal to His heavenly Father for you, for me, for other sinners, "Forgive them, for they know not what they do."

When contemplating his crucified Lord, St. Bernard cried out in an outburst of grief: "Ah, that head, at the sight of which the Blessed Spirits tremble, is now pierced with countless thorns; that face, far lovelier than any human face, is now soiled with the foul spittal of the Jews; those eyes, more brilliant than the sunlight, are being dimmed by death; those ears, which resounded with the hosannas of the angels, are defiled by the vulgar insults of the impenitent; those feet, so often wearied in their search for the lost sheep, are now nailed to the cross: those hands, that had shaped heaven and earth and man and every living thing, are now stretched bleeding to the tree of infamy; that whole body is scourged and torn, and there is nothing sound or whole in Him, nothing but the parched tongue, which alone is constantly refreshed by the outpouring of

His infinite love in order to beg forgiveness for His enemies, to reward the penitent thief with the promise of paradise, to console Mary and John, to cry out the words of triumph, 'It is finished,' and to commend His departing soul into His heavenly Father's hands!"

But stay, good Christian man and woman, before that head droops, before those eyes break, before that sacred heart is pierced, before that divine Spirit leaves its body, learn just one lesson, utter one prayer here tonight when your lips touch the crucifix: on the cross to the right there hangs a sinner like you. There may be more, there may be less, excuse for him than for you; but in life you have imitated him. Would you follow him after death? Then let the prayer that fell from his lips rise to yours; it merited him eternal life, it will bring you a like reward. There are some here this evening who will have crossed into the great beyond before another Good Friday comes. It may be the preacher in the pulpit, it may be the gray-haired man, it may be the young girl near me.

"Remember me, oh Lord," when the

hour draws near and I must come to Thee to render my account, then do thou remember me. When the heart becomes weaker and the mind confused, when the eyes are breaking and the ears filled with a roar of confused sounds, when the faces of loved ones are fading away and the voice of the priest is only a distant murmur, when my limbs are grown numb and cold with coming dissolution, and my fingers clutch at airy nothings, then, good Jesus, do thou remember me. When my troubled conscience reproaches me, and my misdeeds loom terribly before me, when the ready excuses that before did comfort me are now shrivelled up in the fierce light of a nearing judgment, do thou, Jesus, remember me. When breath comes shorter and slower, when death draws near to claim his own and covers my face with his ashen pall, when my body rises for the final revolt, before the soul leaves this house of clay, do thou then, good Jesus, remember me. Let Thy holy name be the last to fall from my lips, let Thy dying prayer on the cross be the last thought in my mind, the last effort of my heart. Let

Thy image on the cross cool my fevered lips while my soul is hovering there, let Thy face greet my eyes when they open in eternity. Jesus, Son of God, Who didst die on the cross for me, in the hour of my death, remember me."

Part II

PASTORALS AND LETTERS

First Pastoral Letter of Appeal for the Support of the Holy See

GEORGE WILLIAM MUNDELEIN

By the Grace of God and the Favor of the Apostolic See

Archbishop of Chicago.

To the Clergy and People of the Archdiocese of Chicago:

Dearly Beloved:

Ever since the time that the Holy See was despoiled of its temporal possessions, the Sovereign Pontiff has been maintained by the charity of his children. Excepting a few very small revenues, the Holy Father and the entire government of the Church had to subsist on the voluntary offerings of the faithful throughout the world which were given in the form of the annual Peter's Pence collection.

For his own personal needs or for those who immediately surround him, the Holy Father requires very little, but for the expenses of maintaining the

government of the Church, the prelates and priests attached to the various sacred congregations, the representatives of the Holy See and last, but by no means least, the missions and missionaries in distant, uncivilized, heathen lands, the annual outlay even with the greatest economy is very large. By far the largest portion of the funds to meet this has come from the Catholic nations of Europe, who counted it a filial privilege, like children far away from home, to contribute to the father's support and comfort. And the most generous was the smallest of them all, the little kingdom of the Belgians. Next came Austria and France, for both countries seemed to vie with each other in liberally contributing to the support of Christ's Vicar on earth.

But within the past two years all this is changed; war with all its horrors has spread over the face of Europe and brought misfortune to these lands. Poor little orphaned Belgium, the once prosperous, progressive country, has been trampled under the feet of an invading army and its towns and villages destroyed by the engines of

war. Once it was a land of plenty; today it can hardly give bread to its women, work to its men, milk to its babies. Austria, too, a few years ago a great Catholic country, its people, the children of the Teuton and the Slav races, open-handed, generous, kind; but today the Austrian industries lie idle, while its workingmen have become food for the cannon and its women, toilers in the fields to keep themselves and their children from hunger and want. France (even after the separation of Church and State, she contributed more to the Holy Father than this country) and the Catholic parts of Germany, all are now cut off from the chance of contributing to the support of the Holy See by the great need the war plague has created at home. And even in the few smaller countries, unscorched as yet by the almost universal conflagration, the soldiers stand on guard and the people watch with fear, and pray with fervor that the black war clouds that threaten may not break over them and bring destruction and disaster in their wake.

Thus, wherever he looks, in the very

first years of his Pontificate, the present successor of St. Peter, Pope Benedict XV, sees only sorrow, death, devastation; Europe, one big hospital filled with maimed and wounded, one vast trench crowded with soldiers, one great house of mourning echoing the cries of the newly-widowed women and recently-orphaned children. There is but one land where the blessings of peace still remain, one country where God's hand still rests in benediction on His people, one nation that has cause to be grateful to the Lord because war, hunger and sorrow have been kept from their homes and their hearts, and that is our own beloved country. Is it not fitting, then, that we should show ourselves grateful, that while we give thanks to Almighty God for all His mercies, we give proof, too, of our love and devotion to His Vicar on earth in a generous and a practical manner? And now the time and the opportunity for this have come to us.

In a word, the Holy Father is in want and he appeals to us for help. It is to us, the Catholics of this country, that the Holy See looks, and calls upon to take up now some of the burdens

hitherto borne by other nations. Perhaps because of our own needs we were not asked to, nor did we do much for our Holy Father in the past. But now, when he is in need, not for himself, but for the government of the Church, for the scattered far away missions, for the poor, the destitute, the widowed and the fatherless, who have stretched out their arms to him for succor, and who have not pleaded in vain, when he has no one else to appeal to, now it is different. It is a direct appeal to our loyalty, it is a challenge to our generosity, it is a test of our love for our Church and its head. And we American Catholics are a loyal people; we have met every need that has arisen; we have erected our churches; we have supported our institutions; we have built and are maintaining our schools. And particularly here in this city and in this diocese, our people have never been backward when called upon to help the works of religion and charity. So too, now that other great dioceses of the country have given us such splendid examples of generosity, we need have no fear that the Catholics of Chicago

will be found wanting in a generous response to this special appeal.

Particularly when we consider the object of this appeal, the purpose for which this collection is to be taken, what a privilege and a pleasure it offers to participate therein! Were the head of this diocese or the priests in your parish in want and distress, there is not one of you who would hesitate to come to our assistance. But we are appealing for one who is far greater, who is more entitled to your respect, who is more worthy of your love. He does so much for us, his thoughts are constantly filled with solicitude for us, his heart is ever raised in prayer for us, his hand is always extended in benediction over us, and we have done so little for him, we think so seldom of him, we have given so sparingly to him and for his needs. And yet, outside of the hidden Lord in the tabernacle, is he not the most sacred person on earth, does he not represent in himself the authority of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, does he not hold the keys of the Kingdom of Heaven? And so, when on the last Sunday of this month of November, which is also

the last Sunday of the Church's year, you bring your gift for him for the special Peter's Pence collection of this year, think of our Holy Father that morning while assisting at Mass; pray for him, this man who bears the heavy burden of the Papacy in these troublous times, who with his frail bodily frame, but with a strong clear vision, and kind, fatherly heart, must face so many difficulties, so many worries, so many sorrows; pray for him, that the Lord may preserve him, give him strength, make him blessed on earth and deliver him not into the hands of his enemies.

Faithfully yours in Christ,

✠GEORGE WM. MUNDELEIN,
Archbishop of Chicago.

Octave of the Feast of All Saints, 1916.

Second Pastoral Letter of Appeal for the Support of the Holy See

GEORGE WILLIAM MUNDELEIN

By the Grace of God and the Favor of the Apostolic See

Archbishop of Chicago

To the Clergy and People of the Archdiocese of Chicago:

My Dearly Beloved:

The season of the year has again come when the head of this diocese appeals to his faithful people on behalf of his and their father and superior the Vicar of Jesus Christ on earth, Pope Benedict XV. The third Sunday in the month of November is the day fixed by us, on which the priests and people of this archdiocese are exhorted to earnestly pray and to bring their offerings for our Holy Father, that they may help relieve his necessities, aid his charities, and give practical proof of their pride in him, of their reverence for his supreme office and their affection for his beloved and lovable person. The response of our people to our appeal last year was so noble, so

enthusiastic, so generous, that it was recorded as the largest and most remarkable offering ever sent by any diocese in this country as the annual Peter's Pence collection to the Sovereign Pontiff. And it is the vivid recollection of this outburst of generosity on the part of the faithful of Chicago that gives us increased confidence in placing before them our Holy Father's needs this year and pleading for their renewed support and co-operation.

For surely we have reason to give evidence of the feelings of our hearts towards him who to-day sits in Peter's chair. Nowhere in this wide world is there a Catholic worthy of the name who is not proud of our Holy Father. He is the one bright, calm, compassionate figure, standing forth amid the gloom and the noise and the horror of this conflict that has rent asunder all Christendom. He is the one beacon of hope towards which the tired eyes of the stricken, sorrowing, suffering peoples of Europe and Asia have turned. To them he seems almost like another Christ, whose Vicar he is, and it is in answer to their agonizing,

heart-rending plea "Lord, save us, we perish" that he cries out, even as did his Master, "Peace, be still." And reverently have they listened to the Holy Father, Emperors, Kings, Presidents,—Catholics, Protestants and Pagans,—allies, combatants and neutrals, and—thanks to God—none of them in their answer to him have closed the door to the hope of an early dawning peace.

It would seem, indeed, as if the Almighty, repeating again an occurrence frequent in the history of the Papacy, had raised up this Pontiff, a brilliant statesman and a loving father, to meet the particular need of this time. From its very beginning has he prayed, and without ceasing has he urged us to pray, that this war, which has devastated the world, which has sown the seeds of sorrow and hatred in almost every nation, which threatens even the supremacy, yes, the very existence of the white races, may soon be brought to an end. More than this, he has labored day and night, has used every means at his command, has taken advantage of every opportunity that presented itself, to bring nearer the approach of a lasting peace, to hasten

the dawn of that day when the civilized world will awake from the nightmare of hate and slaughter that has obsessed it for three long years.

There are children of his fighting under almost every flag on the battlefield. He has not chided any of them nor tried to side against them. He would not add to the weight of sorrow that now bears them down. He would have no act of his rankle in their memory, for they are all dear to him and are prompted by the most unselfish emotion of the human heart, the devotion to their country and the love of their firesides. For a long time we were mere onlookers in this, the world's greatest, fiercest, costliest conflict. But now, too, the hour has come, when those who hold the destiny of this land in their hands, who were by us appointed as our leaders and who have the right to look to us for obedience and support in this hour of our country's need, have led us to the edge of the battlefield. From a million homes have gone forth the pick and flower of our manhood, and this people, in whose veins flows the blood of a score of races, again stands ready to pour forth treasure and

blood and life itself for freedom at its country's call.

But even though a half year has gone by since we entered into the world-war, its horrors have not been brought home to us as to our brethren in other lands. We have not had to watch the long procession of stretcher-bearers and ambulance trains until the moment when our arms would close about the maimed and wounded forms of those whom we love as part of ourselves; we have not scanned again and again the lists of the dead and the missing until the day when, with our eyes blinded with tears and our hearts broken with sorrow, we found there the name of the soldier or sailor-boy whom the voice of our country called from our side; we have not yet suffered the pangs of hunger or heard the plaint of our babies crying for milk. Another year may bring us a knowledge of some of these things. But because we have been spared where others were stricken, because our daily bread has been given us while others were in want, have we not good reason to show ourselves grateful to God Who has been merciful to us? Ought not our gratitude show it-

self not only in heartfelt prayer but also in generous deeds?

Surely, nowhere else will we find a more beautiful, a more Christlike example to imitate than our Holy Father himself. From the first moment he took up the heavy burden of the Papacy, he has labored unceasingly to bring back peace and sanity to the frenzied nations of Europe. He has pleaded for the weak, the sick, the wounded, nor has he pleaded in vain. His starving and destitute children in Poland, in Belgium, in Lithuania, have stretched forth their arms to him, and he has heard their cry. And even though poor himself and with his revenues cut off, this father of the poor, this comforter of the afflicted reached down into his almost empty purse to share the few remaining pence with the suffering children of these lands. Is not this our opportunity too? Can we find a better channel to dispense our charity to our suffering brethren in Europe than the hands of our common father, Benedict XV? Can we find a more worthy, a better fitted dispenser of our alms to the wounded, the hungering, the homeless, the innocent victims of a

great catastrophe than the spiritual sovereign of all?

Let us be generous then, on this occasion, to our Holy Father who has shown himself so extravagantly generous with his suffering children plunged in the throes of this war. Let us help him bring relief and still the want of those who have appealed and even now are crying to him, as their father, for help. It may be that the Heavenly Father will be moved by our sacrifices and gifts, and in return may repay our generosity to His Vicar on earth by shortening the pangs and horrors of this war and bringing it to an early, a peaceful, but a glorious end.

Faithfully yours in Christ,

✠GEORGE WM. MUNDELEIN,

Archbishop of Chicago.

All Saints Day, 1917.

Pastoral Letter Prescribing a Course of Doctrinal Instruction on the Apostles' Creed

Dearly Beloved:

Before the Lord went back to Heaven, He made provisions to continue His work on earth. For that purpose He commissioned His Apostles. The command He gave them was "Go teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost: teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you: and behold I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world." (Math. C. 28, V. 19 & 20.) He therefore made them, first of all, teachers. They were to teach others all He had taught them during the years of their novitiate, during the three years they had spent with Him. They were to teach those things which the Paraclete was to teach them, "He" (the Paraclete) "will teach you all things and He will bring all things to your mind whatsoever I have commanded you" (John C. 14, V. 25) is the promise given by Christ on the eve of His departure. It is clear, therefore, that the principal duty imposed by Christ upon

His Apostles and those who were to succeed them, is that of teaching others the truths He had brought from heaven and given into the keeping of His Church and which we must believe, and to explain clearly and correctly the laws He established to regulate our conduct if we would be saved. For we have the Divine assurance that he who believes this teaching and consents to be baptized will be saved, and he who rejects this teaching, will be condemned.

Therefore, if there is the obligation of teaching on the part of the Apostles and their successors, the bishops and priests of the Church, there is also an obligation of hearing and learning on the part of the great body of the faithful. And the lesson we may learn from the experience of nations as well as of individuals is, that the better a Catholic is instructed in his faith, the stronger is his affection for it and the more conscientiously does he practice it. For this very purpose have our fathers built the parochial schools so that from earliest years, their children might be drilled and instructed in the truths we must believe and the laws we

must obey, if we wish to save our souls. But, as the years pass by and we grow older, we are apt to forget some of those great truths taught us in childhood unless they are sometimes recalled to our minds. The remembrance of God's laws, first published on Sinai's Mount, may become faint unless they are recited for us occasionally again. The penalties for their transgression may become less terrifying and therefore less effective, unless we are reminded of them from time to time.

Now, all of this is best accomplished by frequent, short, doctrinal discourses, called catechetical instructions. In order, therefore, to bring about a better understanding of the truths of our Holy Faith, to promote the greater spiritual good of our people, to fulfill in a more uniform, practical, and efficient manner the mission of our clergy as teachers, we propose to institute a regular course of catechetical instructions, so arranged throughout the year according to time and matter that the same doctrine of our Faith will be explained on the same Sunday in every church of our diocese. This method will prove to be helpful, uniform and

consistent for both clergy and people. Such a course of catechetical instructions at the low masses on Sundays was strongly recommended by Pope Pius X, of blessed memory, who in his encyclical letter "De Christiana Doctrina Tradenda" of April 15, 1905, writes:

"Since in these days, adults not less than the young stand in need of religious instruction, all parish priests and others having the care of souls, shall in addition to the usual homily on the Gospel delivered at the parochial Mass on all days of obligation, explain the Catechism for the faithful in an easy style, suitable to the intelligence of their hearers, at such a time of day as they may deem most convenient for the people, but not during the hour in which the children are taught. In this instruction they shall make use of the Catechism of the Council of Trent, and shall divide the matter in such a way as to treat, within the space of four or five years, the Apostles' Creed, the Sacraments, the Decalogue, the Lord's Prayer, and the Precepts of the Church.

"This We do, Venerable Brethren,

PRESCRIBE AND COMMAND by virtue of our Apostolic Authority."

Moreover, we feel that it cannot be too often repeated or too strongly impressed on our people that our greatest need today is a well-instructed, watchful, active Catholic laity. This is the day and the hour of the layman's apostolate. No nation ever held a larger proportion of non-Catholics, groping in darkness, searching for truth, well-disposed towards the Church and its children. For them, for their eternal salvation, for the spread of God's Kingdom, we must be willing, we must be ready to lend every assistance. And we can only do so if our people are thoroughly instructed in our Faith and know well its teachings.

Finally, at no time were we more in need of the anchor that a good knowledge of God's laws gives to us to hold us steady amid the wind and the waves of temptation and to save us lest we perish, than just now. In these days when every appeal is being made to the senses; when so many avenues of instruction and recreation are changed into pathways that lead to error and to ruin; when openly and shamelessly

pernicious doctrines that propose license for liberty, unsound science for Christian Faith, and sinful indulgence for virtuous living are published broadcast; when money, success, and pleasure are the gods of our modern pagan world, our people need all the old-fashioned Catholic doctrine they can get, to save them from mistaking the correct viewpoint and thus forever losing their immortal souls.

And so, with the first Sunday of Advent we will begin the first year of our Catechetical instructions, the subject for this first year being the profession of our Faith as contained in the articles of the Apostles' Creed. They will be just plain, simple, ordinary instructions, at the low masses, Sunday after Sunday, for at most ten minutes, of the catechism our children study in the school. But let us not forget, the little catechism is the synopsis of the priests' theology, it is the condensed form of the dogmas of the Church, it is the textbook of our religion. If a physician never glances at his medical textbooks, he will surely lapse into more than one error; if a lawyer neglects his lawbooks, he will become

forgetful of the law; if a Catholic never goes back to his catechism, there is more than a chance that he will become careless in his faith.

Faithfully yours in Christ,

✠GEORGE WM. MUNDELEIN,
Archbishop of Chicago.

Feast of St. Andrew, 1917.

Pastoral Letter Prescribing a Course of Doctrinal Instruction on the Decalogue

Dearly Beloved:

During the year that has just elapsed, you listened Sunday after Sunday to the exposition, the definition and the explanation of those revealed truths contained in that brief and compact profession of our Faith which we call the Apostles' Creed. In these short Sunday sermons, condensed into the short space of ten minutes or less, we revived and supplemented the catechetical instructions you received as children, we studied more closely the truths Christ brought from heaven, and we explained to your now more matured minds the doctrines to which we must firmly adhere and in which we must believe, if we would save our souls.

But we know that our obligation does not end there. God demands more of us than mere belief. The Apostle tells us "Faith without works is dead" (Epist. S. James II, 26). God wants of us service, and He has made known to us what is the exact extent of that service He demands of us. He regulates

it for us. Christ has not only revealed to us His doctrines; He has defined His laws. And these laws are embodied almost entirely in the Decalogue, which God gave to Moses on Sinai's Mount, and which Christ came on earth "not to destroy, but to fulfill" (Matth. V. 17). And that Church which He founded, and which He has commissioned to teach mankind the sacred truths of the gospel, is the same custodian and interpreter to whom He has entrusted the explanation of His moral code. He has not left His Commandments to the mercy of any and every man's interpretation, but that Church which He constituted the infallible teaching agency and commissioned "to teach all nations," He also made the highest tribunal to construe and define the laws He laid down, "teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you" (Matth. XXVIII, 20).

And so, with the opening of a new ecclesiastical year, we begin the second course of catechetical instructions, inaugurated last year for the low masses on Sundays in all the churches of this Archdiocese. The subject matter of the

instructions this year will be the Ten Commandments of God, as well as the Precepts of the Church. And as the course of instruction progresses during the year, the plan of legislation outlining, defining and regulating our relations towards God, our neighbors and ourselves, as contained in God's commandments, will become apparent. The instructions will make clear to us how these Ten Commandments, sometimes called "The Decalogue," were first given by God to Moses on Mount Sinai, and later when Christ came, these same commandments were retained by Him. He did not add to their number nor did He detract therefrom, but He did broaden their scope so as to add an interior observance, as we can readily see from the reading of the Gospels (Matth. C. V.). We will see how in the old law the first three commandments regulated man's relations with his Creator, the other seven, his relations with his neighbor; but in the new law the Divine Lawgiver included in them the curb he has placed on our thoughts and desires, the restraint He has put on our irregular appetites. In this way He has perfected the law.

It is required of a confessor that he have a competent knowledge of the divine law, that he be instructed thoroughly and grounded deeply in the many obligations that come under these three heads of man's relations toward God, his neighbor, himself. To acquire this knowledge takes years of preparation and closest application to study. The fund of knowledge he thus obtains is mainly intended for and principally used by him in the confessional, where he sits in judment on the penitent sinner, who is there both the accuser and the accused, the witness as well as the culprit, the attorney for the defense as well as the confessed lawbreaker. As the judge in the sacred tribunal, wielding a tremendous power, his decision is often fraught with far-reaching consequences, and for that reason he must have just as thorough a knowledge of God's law as the judge who sits in the courts of men must have of the civil law. And for that same reason may we not also claim that the faithful, who week after week and month after month approach the tribunal of penance not only to be relieved of the weight of sin, but

also to receive the graces and helps attached to the sacrament, should possess a more than fragmentary knowledge of the moral law, as contained in God's commandments, and of His Church's precepts? An attorney would be of but little service to his client in court if he had only a superficial knowledge of the law, and the penitent himself is the counsel of his soul before that earthly bar of eternal justice where the priest commissioned by Christ, the Son of God, remits or retains sins in the Sacrament of Penance, and where he must plead his own case in justice and in truth. It is for that reason that a better, a more extensive and a more thorough knowledge of what is commanded and what is forbidden by the Ten Commandments of God will prove of great benefit to the hundreds of thousands of our people who during the coming year will listen to the instructions as outlined for the low masses on Sundays in the various churches of this Archdiocese. For it is then that the priest will explain, in slightly abridged form, what he himself studied during the years of preparation for his sacred ministry in the Theological Seminary.

But a reason more powerful still is presented by the solicitude a bishop and his priests should have for the welfare of the souls entrusted to their care. The experience of many centuries has shown us that the better a people are instructed in the laws and commandments of God, the more observant they are of them; the oftener and the more carefully the laws of God are explained to them, first in school and later from time to time from the altar and the pulpit, the deeper and more lasting are these engraved on their hearts and the more vividly do they rise before their consciences.

Finally, I venture to say, judging from my own experience, that no series of instructions will prove so interesting to the people. If the instructions are carefully prepared and condensed, so as to be delivered in a short period of from five to ten minutes, they will prove a delight and a constant source of information to both the priest who has prepared them and to the faithful who listen to them.

In the present disturbed condition in which the civilized world is plunged, there are offered to us cures and

nostrums and untried theories of every kind. How simple is the real remedy. If the commandments of God as taught by Christ and interpreted by His Church were observed by rulers and their subjects, how complete and how salutary would be the change. Again would sanity and moderation return and peace and tranquillity reign everywhere in the world. For who can deny that it is the violation of God's commandments, the lust of possession of the lands and territories of others that have created the vast standing armies; that the stealing away of another's life or property has built up the strong prison walls; that it is the spirit of hate and strife and discord that crowds our courtrooms with disputants and their litigation. But if we had a proper understanding of God's commandments and a salutary fear of His judgments and a vivid dread of eternal punishment, less and less would we be guilty of wrong-doing, happier and more peaceful would be our dealings with our neighbor, closer and surer would be our approach to God. And it is our hope and our prayer that the course of instructions we begin to-day will in

some small measure help to bring that about with the people committed by God to our care, for the better we know His wishes, the more faithfully we will obey them, and naturally the more we will love Him. We have His own words, "If you love Me, keep My commandments" (John XIV, 15).

Sincerely yours in Christ,

✠GEORGE WM. MUNDELEIN,
Archbishop of Chicago.

Feast of St. Catharine, 1917.

Letter Appointing a General Spiritual Director for the Society of St. Vincent de Paul

Chicago, Ill., Jan. 1, 1917.

The Rev. Edward F. Rice,
St. Joseph's Home for the Friendless,
739 E. Thirty-fifth St., Chicago, Ill.

My Dear Father Rice:

I appoint you herewith Spiritual Director of the Metropolitan Council of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul in the Archdiocese of Chicago, to succeed Rt. Rev. Mons. A. J. Thiele. At the same time, I detach you from all parochial work, that you may give all your time and energy to extending and upbuilding the work of relief among the poor, distressed and unfortunate in this great city. You will reside at the St. Joseph's Home for the Friendless, where you will act as Chaplain to the Sisters and their charges, and you will make the Central Office of the St. Vincent de Paul Society, 8 S. Dearborn St., Chicago, your headquarters, from which you will direct the entire work.

To assist you in making this charitable work as effective and far-reaching as possible, it will be necessary for you

to further develop its scope, increase its revenues and systematize the methods of bringing relief. To assist you successfully to carry on this important work, I would propose the following points:

1) That a Parish Conference of St. Vincent de Paul be established in every parish of the city, and even of the diocese, wherever it is possible. I have never yet found a city parish in which there were no poor, no distress to be relieved. In fact, in the so-called richer parishes I have found poverty of the more pitiable kind, where people who once were comfortable "had come down in the world" and were trying to hide their abject poverty from the eyes of their neighbors by feeble attempts of keeping up pretenses. It is in cases such as these that you need a charitable, kind-hearted St. Vincent de Paul man, rather than a cold, professional, statistical paid agent of public philanthropy. But, even if there be no real poverty to be relieved in the parish, a local Conference will do two things: First, its surplus income will be badly needed either by a sister Conference in a poorer section of the city or by the

many calls at the Central Office for the relief of all kinds of distress.

2) At the suggestion of some of our priests, I would propose that you form a separate Conference of St. Vincent de Paul among the clergy of the diocese, with two classes of members—one of life members, by payment of a certain sum, and the other annual members, paying an annual fee, say, of ten dollars. I will be pleased if you will enroll me as the first life member of this Conference, and I know that the Vicars and officials of the diocese are also desirous of becoming members. The money received from such dues could be used for some specific charity, as may later be determined.

3) I would suggest that you arrange a similar annual subscription list among the business men and Catholics of means of both sexes in Chicago, each one contributing annually such sum as he or she may determine, in return for which you will take care through the Central Office and the local Conferences of the various appeals that may come to them in person or by letter; in a word, that you will dispense their charity for them. I know that there is both

a need and a desire for a satisfactory arrangement of this kind among our people of means or engaged in business of their own. I believe you will find the majority of them recognizing the fact that they have a duty of helping those less fortunate than themselves. Even among our non-Catholic brethren there is a growing conviction, that becomes more marked daily, that they must devote some portion of their profits to the care of the poor, the sick, the unfortunate. As a result, we as a people are becoming more generous to various charities and works of relief. In this respect, at least, public conscience is improving. And, besides, when they have the assurance that the recipients of their charity are worthy and that the relief is applied with a minimum of expense and largely by volunteer agents animated by the pure motives of Christian charity, then they can indeed experience the satisfaction which the Savior meant when He said, "It is more blessed to give than to receive." Therefore, when you see men who have accumulated some substance, whom the Lord has blessed with the goods of this world, and even those who have been

but moderately successful, tell them that I send you to them as the apostle of the poor, as the disciple of St. Vincent de Paul. Tell them that you dare not take no for an answer. There may be a difference between what you think they might give and what they think they ought to give, but I would not have you leave their door with a refusal for your portion; for then perhaps good fortune and God's blessing might go with you. They may sometimes have a reason for not contributing to a work of patriotism, of education, even of religion, but they should not—and I hope they will not—refuse one who asks them for an alms, not for himself, but for the poor. In order to encourage you on your mission and exhort my people in deed as well as by word, I will become your first subscriber for one thousand dollars each year until my death.

And now I send you forth with God's blessing and my own on your new field of labor. No man ever had a more glorious mission, for you go to preach the gospel of charity, to extend and build up the real layman's apostolate, the avenue by which thousands of our good Catholic men give of their time, their

endeavor and their hard-earned wages in the practice of the corporal and spiritual works of mercy. Be to them a real leader, a prudent advisor, a zealous co-worker. Be the almoner of the rich and the provider of the poor, and make the St. Vincent de Paul Society one of the monuments and one of the glories of the Church of Chicago, and you may be the means of bringing many souls to the Kingdom of the Blessed to whom the Lord will say, "I was hungry and you gave me to eat, thirsty and you gave me to drink, I was naked and you clothed me, I was in prison and you visited me, I was a stranger and you took me in."

Sincerely yours in Christ,

✠GEORGE WM. MUNDELEIN,

Archbishop of Chicago.

Letter of Appeal for Aid to the St. Vincent de Paul Society

Chicago, Ill., Sept. 15, 1917.

The Rev. Edward F. Rice,
Particular Council,
St. Vincent de Paul Society,
1318 Hartford Bldg.,
8 S. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

My Dear Father Rice:

In the midst of all the confusion incident to the war in which our country is engaged, and the many appeals for help coming from various sources because of it, we must not lose sight of our charities at home, nor let our people forget those who are left behind and also suffer.

During the winter that is now approaching, if we may judge from demands that are even now being made upon us, there is likely to be increased suffering and privation. In hundreds of cases the principal provider of the family has been called to the colors and as a result the weekly income of the family has shrunk considerably, while the cost of food and necessities of life have steadily risen and threaten to be-

come dearer and less obtainable for the families of the poor. Moreover, those who are not thus affected are not such as have asked for help in the past and will necessarily shrink from making any appeal to any public philanthropic agency in the future. In addition, we have found that, due to some extent to the unsettled conditions of the times and also to the above causes, desertion and consequent dependency is growing in the poorer sections of our city, and we anticipate that the capacity of our charitable institutions and agencies will be taxed to their utmost, whereas the contributions for the support of the same are falling below their usual average.

Under the circumstances, because of the duty of the Bishop as shepherd of the entire flock of Christ, and particularly as protector and father of the poor, the orphaned and the fatherless, I am directing this appeal, through you, the diocesan spiritual director of the St. Vincent de Paul Society, to the heads of the various Catholic Women's Clubs in the city and their members, that they may devote their energies and their charity at this time to the care of

the poor in their homes. It is my wish that they help their Church, their country and their less fortunate sisters at this time by applying that love and sympathy that God has placed in the woman's breast especially to the care of the wives, the widows and the children in their homes, that the little families may be held together and the sacred ties of family be not sundered or the little ones deprived needlessly of a mother's loving and sheltering care. In order that they may be inspired to do this with deeper religious and charitable spirit and that they may be strengthened and repaid by that Christ-given promise to those who help His little ones, I authorize you to enroll them in the ranks of the Vincentians, so that, without losing their own identity or the purposes for which our Catholic Women's Clubs were founded, they may at the same time be numbered among the Women Auxiliaries of St. Vincent de Paul. Surely nothing will so appeal to the highest and best in them, our Catholic daughters, wives and mothers, as to help those of their own sex, their own faith and their own city, the poor women and children in their own little

family circle, to keep together all that they hold dearest and most sacred on earth.

To all who co-operate with you in this work I send my own blessing and to them I hold out as an inducement the Lord's own words, "Even a cup of cold water given in My name shall have its reward."

Sincerely yours in Christ,

✠GEORGE WM. MUNDELEIN,
Archbishop of Chicago.

Chicago, Ill., March 8, 1917.

The Rev. P. J. Mahan, S.J.,
St. Ignatius College,
1076 W. Twelfth St., Chicago, Ill.

My Dear Father Mahan:

I beg to acknowledge herewith the receipt of your letter of the 3d inst., the contents of which I have read with a great deal of interest. I am glad to see that the Catholic deaf mutes have so courageously taken hold of the proposition to build a little mission house for themselves on the lots which have been donated for that purpose. I feel sure that if they continue as enthusiastically as they began it will not be long before they will be able to make a beginning, and even in less time than you perhaps anticipate. Of course you realize that I have many calls on me, particularly at the present time, when we are faced with so grievous a situation as that of the orphan children for whom the diocese must now care. However, I do not want the Catholic deaf mutes here in this town to feel that we have not their interest deeply at heart.

In order to encourage them, therefore, in the good work in which they are engaged, you may inform them, at their next meeting, that I will personally subscribe one thousand dollars toward their building fund, the same to be made payable to them as soon as they have ten thousand dollars in hand. I am sure that this little donation will spur them on and will arouse in them and in you an enthusiasm for this work and may also be the means of their obtaining donations elsewhere, so that soon they will have a little building of which they may well be proud.

Sending to them all and to you my blessing, and with every good wish, I beg to remain, dear Father Mahan,

Sincerely yours in Christ,

✠GEORGE WM. MUNDELEIN,
Archbishop of Chicago.

Letter in Favor of the Work of the Red Cross

Chicago, Ill., April 30, 1917.

Mr. Charles H. Wacker,
Citizens' Committee,
American Red Cross,
529 Monroe Building, Chicago, Ill.

My Dear Mr. Wacker:

I beg to inform you herewith of my acceptance of membership in the American Red Cross Society, Chicago Chapter, as requested by you. I have accepted appointment to but very few committees during my time in this city, but I feel it would be a neglect of civic duty if I did not associate myself with the Red Cross Society, particularly at this time. In a time of national crisis, every citizen must be ready to do his share, either to serve the country or to help relieve those who must serve in the field. That is an obligation that is laid upon us by reason of the many benefits we have received in this wonderful country of which we are citizens.

I shall be glad, therefore, to co-operate with you and to instruct and direct others under me to co-operate with the work of the Red Cross, particularly in

the line of bringing relief to the families of those who serve in the army and navy or those who may return wounded and disabled from the battlefield. At the same time, I wish you and those who work with you every success in your most laudable endeavor to place Chicago at the head of the American cities. I am sure you will find that our city will rise to the occasion, as Chicago, if she is anything, is certainly patriotic.

I beg to remain, my dear Mr. Wacker,

Sincerely yours,

✠GEORGE WM. MUNDELEIN,
Archbishop of Chicago.

Second Letter in Favor of the Work of the Red Cross

Chicago, Ill., May 19, 1917.

Mr. Charles H. Wacker,
Citizens' Committee,
American Red Cross,
529 Monroe Building, Chicago, Ill.

My Dear Mr. Wacker:

There are one thousand little orphan boys and girls in St. Mary's Training School at DesPlaines who are very anxious to do something for their country, now that their country is at war. They are too young to be soldiers or sailors in the army and navy or nurses to care for the wounded, and so they want to become members of the Red Cross Society. But they are orphans, and they have no money. So they asked me to advance the money to them, every one a dollar, and maybe later, when they have grown up and become men and women and have money of their own, they can pay it back. Now, Mr. Wacker, you have had children of your own, and you know you should never refuse help to a child when it wants to do something for God or country. So I

send you herewith their names to be added to the growing list of Red Cross members of the Chicago Chapter and my personal check to pay for their dues as annual members.

Wishing you every success, I beg to remain, dear Mr. Wacker,

Sincerely yours,

✠GEORGE WM. MUNDELEIN,
Archbishop of Chicago.

Letter in Favor of the Liberty Loan

Chicago, Ill., May 29, 1917.

Mr. Charles W. Folds, Chairman,
Liberty Loan Committee,
208 S. LaSalle St., Chicago, Ill.

My Dear Sir:

Mr. Richmond Dean called on me yesterday in order to learn what, if any, measures could be taken to enlist the sympathies of the Catholic Clergy in bringing before their congregations the desirability of investing in the new Liberty Loan by the members of their congregations. At the conclusion of my conversation with him, he asked me if I would not embody in a short letter the information that I had given him.

I told him that we were prepared not only to speak well of the new Liberty Loan, but that I felt that the Catholic Church here in Chicago owed a much more active co-operation with the government under the present circumstances than any mere advertisement from the pulpit that they could give in this matter. In consequence, at a meeting of the clergy of the diocese held here today, I informed them that the Arch-

bishop himself would take a large block of the bonds and would at once subscribe for ten thousand dollars worth of bonds as the first installment. Secondly, there are three hundred and fifty parishes here in this diocese, and the pastor of each parish was instructed to invest at least one hundred dollars or more of the parish money in the new loan, so that every Catholic parish in Chicago, no matter what the nationality may be, would take an active cooperation in the floating of this new war loan. They were instructed, if any parish were so poor that it did not have a hundred dollar fund, that the priest was to borrow that amount, and if later on it was found necessary to dispose of the bonds at any time that the Archbishop would take them up and pay for them at the same price at which they had been procured. Thirdly, in order to encourage the helping of the nation at the present time, as well as the giving in charity, it was announced that the Archbishop would accept donations for diocesan charities or religious purposes, such, for instance, as Scholarships to the Preparatory Seminary, in the form of Liberty Bonds in preference to cash,

and that he would accept the bonds at a figure of 102, remitting to the donor or placing to his credit $20 for every $1,000 given in this form. Every pastor was furnished with a blank form of application which he was to fill out and deposit with the bank that he does business with, any time within the next week or ten days.

I might add that the purpose of this is to show the people of Chicago, and especially our Catholic people, that the Church feels it a positive duty at this time to aid the nation in every way that it possibly can in return for the peace and the liberty that the Church has always enjoyed in these United States. And I say this in no spirit of boasting, but simply in order to carry out the pledge that I made when our nation first entered this war, that we will lend every aid, every encouragement and every assistance to our country at a time when our country needs us.

I beg to remain,

Very truly yours,

✠GEORGE WM. MUNDELEIN,
Archbishop of Chicago.

Letter in Favor of the Negro Parish of St. Monica, Chicago

Chicago, Ill., Oct. 26, 1917.

Very Rev. J. A. Burgmer, S.V.D.,
Provincial,
St. Mary's Mission House,
Techny, Ill.

My Dear Father Burgmer:

I am confiding to your care and that of your Fathers the Mission of St. Monica. The Rev. John S. Morris, who has been until recently its Rector, has been transferred to the pastorate of St. Ailbe's, Chicago. Until such time as the negotiations I have initiated with your Father General are concluded, you will kindly look after the spiritual welfare of the people of St. Monica's and the temporal affairs of that parish as administrator, either personally or through one of your Community.

With the change of Rectors, a change of policy is likewise to take place at St. Monica's. Until now practically anyone who so desired could affiliate himself with St. Monica's, attend the services and receive the Sacraments there. But now I desire St. Monica's to be re-

served entirely for the colored Catholics of Chicago, and particularly of the South Side; all other Catholics of whatever race or color are to be requested not to intrude. It is, of course, understood that I have no intention of excluding colored Catholics from any of the other churches in the diocese, and particularly if they live in another part of the city, but simply excluding from St. Monica's all but the colored Catholics.

My reasons for this regulation are, briefly: (1) Because there are two large parishes with extensive parochial plants in the immediate vicinity of St. Monica's where these former can receive every attention and where, if they live in the vicinity, they by right belong, which parishes they are bound in conscience and in accordance with their means to support. (2) St. Monica's was founded for the colored Catholics, is a comparatively small church, the substructure alone being as yet completed. By intrusion of others, the crowding, incommoding and embarrassing of those for whom this mission was built will result. (3) When St. Monica's was first established the colored population

in Chicago was comparatively small, very poor, and there may have been reason to appeal for support to others outside. Now, however, the colored population of Chicago has grown very large; the men are nearly all at work and obtaining a much more adequate wage or salary; the number of Catholics among them has grown proportionately, and they feel, I believe, even as I do, that they are able and willing to support their own church and school, and if they do the credit therefor should go to them and to nobody else. In a word, because of circumstances that exist in this city I am convinced that our colored Catholics will feel themselves much more comfortable, far less inconvenienced and never at all embarrassed if, in a church that is credited to them, they have their own sodalities and societies, their own school and choir, in which they alone will constitute the membership, and for even stronger reasons the first places in the church should be theirs just as much as the seats in the rear benches are.

It would be puerile for us to ignore the fact that a distinction as to color enters very often into the daily happen-

ings of our city. I am not going to argue as to the reasons for or against this line of distinction which causes so much bitterness, nor will I say anything as to the justice or injustice of it. It is sufficient to say that it does exist and that I am convinced that I am quite powerless to change it, for I believe the underlying reasons to be more economic than social. What I am concerned about is that my colored children shall not feel uncomfortable in the Catholic Church. The existence of this line of distinction, it seems to me, ought to be the very reason why St. Monica's ought to show splendid growth and progress within the next few years, now that its future lies with the colored race in this city. I am mindful of the fact that in the city of New York, in a district the population of which is almost entirely colored, they have their own institutions, their theatres, their hotels and restaurants, in some instances not surpassed by the best of similar establishments further down-town. Why, then, should we not accomplish as much here when there is question of the one and only church the colored Catholics call their own in this city? At all events, I have confidence

in the colored Catholics of this city, and as a preliminary step in proving this I shall place the sole responsibility for St. Monica's in their hands. If they succeed in building it up, as I think they can, then, one by one, as they are able to take care of them, we will add other religious and educational features; if they fail, they will have shattered the faith I have in their earnestness and steadfastness in their religion, as well as the laudable spirit of pride they should show in their own and their people's progress and welfare. In this city we have people who come from all parts of Europe. Far poorer in this world's goods, much less in numbers and but poorly equipped in knowledge of customs and conditions here, yet we find them erecting splendid churches and schools, as much to perpetuate their customs and conditions as to preserve their country's language. And yet later on, when they will have been absorbed into the great American people, their children and their children's children will point with pride to the sacrifices their forefathers made in the days of their poverty to preserve their nation's ideals. Then, shall it be later said that

the children of the colored race have nothing to point to as the "footprints in the sands of time" of the early generations of colored Catholics in this city? I refuse to believe it, and for that reason I am appealing to the three or four hundred colored Catholic families in this city to come together and do something to make their names and their faith live, a monument for them and for their children. Let them, of their own accord, by making sacrifices, even as others do, build up St. Monica's, clear it of debt, make it attractive, equip the school; and if they do—if we see their good will, their ready response, their generous co-operation—then this will simply be the beginning of what we are prepared to do for our colored Catholics and their children. Should they fail, I would be disappointed and sadly mistaken in my judgment of them, and a parish distinctly for them would die like a poorly nourished infant. But, when I consider their many good qualities, their peaceful family life, their love for their children, their strong religious spirit, I do not see how they can fail. I have never met a colored man who was professedly atheistic

or blasphemous. The Creator seems to have given them a spirit of reverence and religion that is often lacking in other races. Then, too, their children are by nature deeply affectionate. Our Sisters who have engaged in the work of teaching the colored children soon become strongly attached to them, so that it is very hard later to part them from their charges. Surely, when they consider the splendid, self-sacrificing work the two Communities of our Sisters have done for their children, for those of the parish, as well as for the orphaned and dependent, there is no colored man, woman or child in Chicago, even those outside of the Church, who will not be anxious that the opportunity of doing something for the good of the race, for the honor and pride of their people, that this work of religion and education which means so much for the future welfare of their people be not allowed to fail, but rather must be maintained at any cost.

Nor can I permit the opportunity to pass of reminding the colored Catholics of this city of the great debt of gratitude they owe to that noble woman who has been such a benefactor to them

and their children, Mother Katharine Drexel, who has spurned every worldly comfort and advantage that was hers, who contributed every penny of her great wealth, who has devoted her services and her life and the lives of her self-sacrificing Sisters in religion to the care of an almost entirely neglected corner of the Lord's vineyard, to the work of saving the souls of the little colored children in the crowded and often squalid city quarters as well as in the scattered and lonely country districts of this land. Only on that last day, when all things will be made clear to us, will the colored people really know how much these devoted handmaidens of the Lord have done for the uplifting, the education and the sanctification of the children of their race.

The handful of colored Catholics in Chicago have indeed a work to do. To them there is entrusted the mission of the laymen's apostolate. The colored population of this city now numbers, I am told, nearly one hundred thousand. Though the Lord has created them religiously inclined, yet the great mass of these people are unchurched. What a mission there is here for the Catholic

layman, how "white the fields are with the harvest," yet when we consider the apathy, the indifference, the absolute neglect of their spiritual duties and opportunities on the part of so many so-called Catholics, may we not justly say, "but how pitifully few are the laborers therein"? It is for this reason that I have, through you, Reverend Father, addressed this communication to them. It is the first time, I believe, that a Bishop has directed an appeal to his colored children alone. Surely their appreciation, their sense of duty, their very pride, will not permit it to be fruitless.

I am placing in their care St. Monica's mission. I am entrusting to them, as the objects of their constant and particular solicitude, its temporal growth and its spiritual progress. I hope to see their house of God increase in size and grow in beauty. I hope to see the parish activities become more numerous, and its burden of debt slowly but surely melt away. And, more than all, I desire to see the number of its school-children increase and the recipients of the Sacraments multiply week after week and month after month. And I pray with all my heart that many a soul

now dwelling in darkness and in the shadow of death may enter its doors and find the light, the truth and the peace that the Master has hidden in His Church, and which those alone find who enter the true fold. Finally, I remind them that they and their children are as dear to me as their white-skinned brethren, and that for them and for their children, too, I must one day render an accounting before the Eternal Judge Who looks not at the color of our faces, but searches for the purity of our hearts and judges us by the fruits we have to show. And may the saintly patroness under whose protection we have placed our colored children show for each of them that same maternal solicitude that she showed her only son, Augustine, and, like him, bring them to eternal life.

To you, therefore, and to all the parishioners of St. Monica's I send my blessing, in the hope that a new era of material and spiritual prosperity is about to dawn for this mission and its work.

Sincerely yours in Christ,
✠GEORGE WM. MUNDELEIN,
Archbishop of Chicago.

Letter to the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of Illinois

Chicago, Ill., Nov. 13, 1916.

Miss Frances Martell, Sec'y,
The Catholic Total Abstinence Union
of Illinois, Chicago, Ill.

Dear Miss Martell:

I have delayed answering your letter of the 6th inst. until I should have found a suitable County Chaplain and Spiritual Director for your union. I have selected for this office a serious and zealous priest — the Rev. William Kinsella, Rector of St. Philip Neri's Church. I am quite sure he will work in harmony with all your members and that through this union you may produce fruitful results.

As to the second request contained in your letter, I wish to say that the work of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of Illinois has my approval, my good wishes and my blessing. Many a home would be intact today and the family happy had the father been a member of your organization. Aside from that, the object of your society is, after all, a work of Christian abnegation of self

and it impiles a spirit of sacrifice and a work of penance which we are assured that the Lord Himself rewards. So that while total abstinence for some is an absolute necessity, for us all it is highly commendable.

That the Lord may bless all of your members and make your work fruitful in this city and in this diocese is the wish of

Yours sincerely in Christ,

✠GEORGE WM. MUNDELEIN,
Archbishop of Chicago.

Letter in Favor of the Knights of Columbus War Camp Activities

Chicago, Ill., Nov. 23, 1917.

Mr. Leroy Hackett, State Deputy,
Chicago Chapter,
Knights of Columbus,
116 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

My Dear Mr. Hackett:

The government of the United States has officially recognized the Knights of Columbus as representing the Roman Catholic Church in the various training camps for soldiers and sailors, both in our own country and in Europe, while the Young Men's Christian Association acts in the same capacity for all of the various non-Catholic churches. As a result, they have taken over the work of erecting and directing the recreation centres in the different encampments. In addition to this, they are providing and paying for workers and secretaries in charge of these buildings and the activities they represent. Last, but not least, the Knights of Columbus are paying the salaries and expenses of a number of post-chaplains, about ten of them accompanying the army now in

France, others being stationed at Rockford and other home camps in addition to the regularly commissioned army chaplains.

In all of these activities they are working under the direction of the Archbishops of the United States and in harmony with the representatives appointed by these prelates. A glance at the tremendous work undertaken and completed or nearing completion will be sufficient to show that a vast amount of money is needed to pay the expenses incurred. The organization representing the non-Catholic bodies recently asked for and obtained thirty-five million dollars. The agency performing the same work under Catholic auspices, the Knights of Columbus, asks for less than one-tenth of that sum —but three million dollars. The State of Illinois is to furnish one-sixth of that amount. There should not be the slightest question of their obtaining it. The work they are doing in the camps is not for the benefit of their organization, but for the benefit of the Church in this country. The work they are doing is absolutely necessary, for it means safeguarding the religion and the mor-

als of these young men who are to be the fathers of the families of the future, who at a critical period of their lives are taken away from the restraining and refining influences of home, and whom the Church and its representatives are thus striving to protect in their new environment. In consequence it becomes the duty of all of us to give a helping hand to this movement.

I therefore give you permission to appeal for funds in the Archdiocese of Chicago for this purpose, the week's public campaign beginning Sunday, December 9th; and I commend warmly your appeal to all our Catholic people, both to those who have given sons to the army and navy and to those others who have none to give, and in an especial manner to heads of industries and employers of labor. And if, in a particular manner, every member of your order will take a personal interest in the campaign, give the same assistance he would if it were for himself, put his shoulder to the wheel and push the campaign on to success, there is not a doubt but that you will more than exceed the amount allotted to you and put Illinois, and espe-

cially Chicago, "over the top." To all who contribute and help this good work along, whether they be our Catholic children or are of the large number of our generous non-Catholic citizens, I send my blessing and my thanks.

With every good wish for victory and success, I remain,

Sincerely yours in Christ,

✠GEORGE WM. MUNDELEIN,
Archbishop of Chicago

Letter Directing Requiem Services for the First Chicago Soldiers Killed in the War

Chicago, Ill., Dec. 7, 1917.

The Rev. Casimir Gronkowski,
St. Adalbert's Rectory,
1650 W. Seventeenth St.,
Chicago, Ill.

My Dear Father Gronkowski:

Dispatches from the headquarters of the United States military forces in France inform us that the first American soldier from the city of Chicago to be killed in action is Peter Wojtalewicz, a boy of St. Adalbert's parish and a former pupil of its parochial school.

It seems to me that we should show in some special manner our appreciation of the services rendered his country by this heroic young soldier and of the distinction that has thus been conferred on his parish—the first to sacrifice one of its soldier-sons for the cause of liberty in the great world war.

Accordingly, you will announce to the congregation at all the Masses on Sunday next that, at the direction of the Most Rev. Archbishop, a solemn High Mass of Requiem will be offered up in

St. Adalbert's Church on next Monday morning at 10 o'clock for the repose of the soul of Private Peter Wojtalewicz, who was killed in battle while fighting under the flag of his country in a foreign land. You will request the people of the parish to be present and, together with the children of the school, to pray for the youth who is the first to bring home to us the seriousness of the struggle in which we are engaged, and whose name heads the list of those who are giving their lives for our country.

We are proud that the first hero slain on the battlefield from the citizens of this, America's second largest city, was a boy of Catholic family, educated in our Catholic schools, who had been among the first to volunteer even before the country had entered the war. It is likewise a cause for congratulation that his heroic death is a conspicuous proof of the loyalty and patriotism of the children of those of our people who have come from other lands and who form such a large and such a desirable element in the citizenship of this city. I would suggest, too, that some memorial tablet of this, your first soldier's, death be erected in the school or the

church building, and I will be glad to be the first subscriber toward the same.

With best wishes, I beg to remain,

Sincerely yours in Christ,

✠GEORGE WM. MUNDELEIN,
Archbishop of Chicago.

Letter to the Ladies' Auxiliary of the Ancient Order of Hibernians, Commending the Study of Irish History

Chicago, Ills., July 10th, 1916.

Mrs. William McWhorter,
Ladies' Auxiliary,
Ancient Order of Hibernians,
5407 Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Dear Mrs. McWhorter:

I have your letter of the 3rd inst., and in reply to the same I beg to say that I give my hearty commendation of the work inaugurated by your Auxiliary for the study of Irish History in the schools.

From Ireland have come nearly all of the Saints who have evangelized the different nations of Europe, and, therefore in a way, no matter what nation we are from, we are all interested in the past history of Ireland; for the history of Ireland means to a great extent the history of the Church in the Middle Ages. In a particular manner the children of Irish parents ought to have some intelligent reason for the pride they show in their birth and in their descent, and to accomplish this they

need to know, not so much the Ireland of the present, as the Ireland of the past. Yet the special reason for our commendation of this movement is that the memory of what Ireland and the Irish people have done for the Church must not sink into the dim memories of the past, but should be kept alive in the present and in the coming generations.

Wishing you every success, I beg to remain, dear Madam,

Sincerely yours in Christ,

✠GEORGE WM. MUNDELEIN,
Archbishop of Chicago.

Letter Ordering a Collection for the Suffering People of Poland

Chicago, Ills., March 16th, 1916.

Reverend Dear Father:

Because we are far distant from the carnage of war and the noise of the conflict, we little realize the dreadful affliction that has visited the greater part of the civilized world. To us, who are living in peace and comfort and security, it seems almost incredible that countless lives have been sacrificed, that billions of dollars have been squandered, that hundreds of thousands of families have been made fatherless, rendered homeless, reduced to starvation and beggary. More particularly the smaller and weaker nations, that lie in the path of the contending armies, have suffered untold misery. None more than poor unfortunate Poland. For centuries she has been crushed under the heel of the invader, her lands divided among her bigger, stronger neighbors, her people deprived of their rights, many of her schools of their country's language, her Bishops and clergy often of the free exercise of their jurisdiction. In spite, however,

of centuries of hardships and persecution, no nation has been more loyal to Holy Mother Church, so that history gives to her the title of "ever-faithful daughter of the Church."

And now it would really seem that the climax of her suffering has come. Every able-bodied man and boy has been impressed into one of the three contending armies, and we must witness the heart-rending spectacle of brother fighting against brother, not for their country's freedom, but for a cause in which they have no interest and for the nations that hold their own in bondage. But what is even more pitiful, the silent, innocent sufferers are the aged and the weak, the women and the children; with their bread-winners torn from their midst, in most cases never to return, with their homes razed to the ground, they are reduced to misery and starvation that is appalling. All Poland has been the battlefield of the war; three great armies have swept over its cities and its fields again and again until today there is hardly a pebble or a blade of grass in the land that has not been crushed by a soldier's foot. From trustworthy sources we learn

that more than ten thousand small towns and villages have been destroyed, nearly all children under seven years of age are dead, and half a million of old men, of women and children are facing starvation. Stricken, crushed, bleeding from every pore, literally dying from hunger and want, Poland cries out to the world for help, and the Sovereign Pontiff, the father of all the faithful, but more particularly the protector of the weak and defenceless, brings the cry of this suffering people to our notice. In most of the dioceses of this country, the Bishops have published this appeal of our Holy Father, adding thereto a commendatory message of their own. And in nearly every case the result has been a most gratifying response from the faithful, a splendid outpouring of generosity for their unfortunate brethren of the faith in a war-scarred country. But in this archdiocese this appeal has been withheld until now, awaiting the appointment of a bishop to the See, made vacant by the death of the late Archbishop.

And so today, while we sympathize with a suffering people, yet we rejoice that our first communication to you,

Reverend Father, and your people, should be an appeal to their and your generosity in behalf of the poor, the hungry, the homeless, the worthy objects of our charity. We rejoice that the opportunity is given to us to pay the tribute of appreciation to our children who have come to our diocese in such large numbers from that now helpless and suffering country. They have never appealed to us for help before, but though they may have been poor and without worldly means, yet they have erected here in Chicago in little more than a score of years churches that are monuments and schools that are a credit to our system. They have been, and they are, our obedient, loyal subjects, and their children will be among the best citizens of this city and true to the faith of their fathers. Even now they would hesitate to appeal to us for their dear ones in their fatherland, but the disaster is so appalling, the suffering so great, the danger of the last drops of their nation's blood dripping from its wounds is so imminent, that they are forced to apply to their brethren in the faith for the charity and the help that is so badly

and so quickly needed. And while we give to their appeal our hearty support, at the same time we cannot withhold the expression of our pride and admiration at the worthy conduct of the Polish episcopate and their clergy, for notwithstanding the fact that fifteen hundred Catholic churches in Poland have been destroyed, yet today every Bishop is in his diocese and every priest in his parish (excepting those who are with the armies) to share their people's suffering and comfort them in their distress.

Therefore, conforming to the wish of our Holy Father, in response to the appeal of the Polish Bishops, as well as the dictates of christian and fraternal charity, we do now appoint the fourth Sunday in Lent, the second day of April next, as the day for a special collection to be taken up in the churches of the archdiocese of Chicago for the suffering people of Poland. And on the Sunday preceding, we direct that you read this our letter to your people at the Masses, and, if there be time, the letter of the Cardinal Secretary of State and the appeal of the Polish Bishops and add a word of commendation of your

own. As soon thereafter as possible, you will make returns to the Chancery Office.

To you and to your faithful people, while commending ourselves to your prayers, we send our blessing.

Faithfully yours in Christ,

✠GEORGE WM. MUNDELEIN,
Archbishop of Chicago.

Pastoral Letter in Favor of the Preparatory Seminary of the Archdiocese

GEORGE WILLIAM MUNDELEIN,

By the Grace of God and the Favor of the Apostolic See

Archbishop of Chicago.

Rev. Dear Father:

Within the last score of years the conviction has gradually forced itself upon the bishops of the large dioceses of this country that the number of those presenting themselves as candidates for the seminary and desirous of entering the priesthood was slowly but surely diminishing. They found it necessary to take special measures to safeguard those to whom God has given the grace of a priestly vocation not only during the years of their seminary course of theology, but even earlier, when the first signs of probable vocation in the young schoolboy manifested themselves to the watchful eye of pastor or confessor. In former generations, partly because the need of priests was not so sharply and so noticeably felt, the custom was to educate those who had aspirations to the priesthood in

the then existing Catholic high schools and colleges under the care of one of the teaching Orders of the Church, where they were associated with other youths preparing for a professional or business career and who had no vocation for the clerical state. But everywhere, and particularly in our large cities, we found that year after year, though the number of our people was increasing, the number of those who knocked on the door of the seminary and asked to be enrolled in the body of the clergy was not growing apace. And not today or yesterday, but for many years past, has the conviction entered the minds of watchful pastors of souls, that the time had come when something must be done to protect the tender shoots of priestly vocation as soon as they showed themselves in the clean, pure hearts of good, bright young boys in our schools, to shelter them not only from the killing blasts of sinful temptation, but also from the chilling atmosphere of modern materialism, the selfish craving for ease, the inordinate love of money, the exaggerated spirit of independence, which comes not only into our schools and colleges, but enters

right into the heart of the home itself.

And so we have learned a lesson from the Religious Orders of the Church, who long ago provided special schools, preparatory novitiates, monastic scholasticates, in which they taught and trained and prepared from early boyhood those who aspire to lead this more perfect life as members of their Order. And we have argued, and probably with a great deal of truth, that, if it be necessary so to shelter, watch and carefully train those who will live their lives in the community of their brethren in religion and be protected by a special approved rule of life, how much more so is this necessary for the secular priest, who so often stands alone, a shining mark for the enemies of Religion, who must be a *dux populi* and a *flamma gregis,* of whom it is required that, though he be in the world, yet that he be not of it. It is for this reason that in several of the dioceses of the country the bishops have established the more modern form of the preparatory seminary, where the young boy selected from among his companions by the pastor or confessor, who discerns in him the probable signs of a vocation, the piety, in-

telligence and application which is required for the candidate for the holy priesthood, even while remaining in the sacred circle of the home and under the watchful eye of a pious mother, is placed apart and educated with those only who look forward to that same great work in life, the priestly field of labor, keeping daily before his mind the sublime vocation of the priesthood, preserving him pure and pious by constant exhortation, by daily assistance at the Holy Sacrifice and by frequent reception of the Sacraments.

One of the first bishops of this country to realize this need for his diocese and make provision for it was my predecessor, the late Archbishop Quigley. Nearly eleven years ago he opened the preparatory seminary for the education of boys to the priesthood, but the Lord called him to his reward before he could see the first fruits of this work and to raise to the holy priesthood the first of the boys who had passed through his Cathedral College. It was a year ago last January that I saw Archbishop Quigley the last time, at the funeral of his friend, Bishop Burke of Albany. We were at the railroad station awaiting

the arrival of the train. I was probably the last to speak to him then. For nearly a quarter of an hour we were together, and during all that time the only subject of his conversation was his preparatory seminary. When the message came to me telling me I was to be his successor, that scene came back vividly to my mind. It almost seemed as though he were enlisting my sympathy in the work in which he was so much interested, for which he had made plans, which were not brought to fulfillment, because death stilled the brain that had conceived them. And it was then that I determined that, with the help of his and my priests, I would make his preparatory seminary a lasting work, that it should be placed on a stable basis, that the buildings that would house his students and their teachers should bear his name and should be his monument, so that the memory of this silent, zealous, self-sacrificing Prelate might live for many generations of Chicago priests. And, after all, what would be more fitting? We know that he planned this work, that he began it and that he supported it. But what many of us do not know is that plans for its

growth and improvement were constantly in his mind, that he was proud of the progress his students made and that he denied himself many things so that he might personally contribute large sums for its support. But in order to insure its continuance as one of our principal diocesan institutions, one of which the clergy of Chicago and our people may point to with pride, in order, too, that it may be a fitting and lasting monument to the late Archbishop, it will be necessary to change both the buildings themselves, as well as the manner of providing for its support in the future. At present the buildings are antiquated, unsuited and insufficient for the needs of the diocese. Archbishop Quigley himself had intended to erect new ones. The manner of supporting the institution is precarious, the source of the support insecure and inadequate for the maintenance of a larger number of boys. Moreover, neither clergy nor people contribute to its support, and it is my firm conviction that helping in the education of a boy to the priesthood does bring with it a special recompense

from God, and therefore should be encouraged.

And now, with the help of Almighty God and to the glory of His holy name, for the conservation of the Faith here in our midst, with the loyal co-operation of my priests and people, I purpose to establish the Quigley Preparatory Seminary of the Archdiocese of Chicago. Knowing, however, how much our people are burdened with the needs of their own parishes and the many calls upon their generosity for the aid of their poor and destitute neighbors, I am not going to ask them to erect the buildings, but I do appeal to them and their pastors to share in the truly religious work of educating boys to the holy priesthood by creating the fund which will supply the means for future times of defraying the expenses of this work. In a word,—I will provide the ground and erect the main building of the new diocesan preparatory seminary, if priests and people of the diocese will provide for its support by foundations of scholarships, each one of which will for all times pay for a boy's education, during the years he spends in this institution.

And I will go even further and say, that if we succeed, and I fell assured we will, then do I see my way clear, within a few years, to provide a Theological Seminary for this diocese, as complete, as beautiful, as monumental, as any in this country, and in that case without burdening the parishes, priests or people.

Therefore, before describing the location or character of the new buildings, it may be wise to explain the method of support. It will take us more than a year probably to erect the first of the new buildings, but we hope to increase at once the number of students. At present they number about two hundred. To provide for the rapid growth of the diocese, the annual loss by death among the clergy, anticipating, too, the number of boys, who, because of failing health, need of supporting depending parents, younger brothers or sisters, or other reasons, may be forced to leave before their course is completed, this diocese should have fully five hundred boys in the Preparatory Seminary. Beginning with with the next scholastic year, all boys

who come recommended by their pastor or confessor and who have completed the eighth grade of the ordinary grammar-school course will be received. Graduates of any of our parochial schools will be admitted on presentation of their certificate. Graduates of other schools must be prepared for a preliminary examination, if this be required by the faculty. The tuition of every boy entering the Preparatory Seminary from now on must be paid from one source or another. Either his family pays his tuition or the priest who sends him pays for him, or he obtains a scholarship, which provides for his tuition.

Moreover, whenever a number of boys are sent from one parish, the pastor may pay their tuition bills from the educational funds of the parish and so charge it on his annual report. But for the future continued success of the Preparatory Seminary, we depend largely on a constantly increasing number of endowed places, called scholarships, which will automatically pay for the tuition of a number of students in perpetuity. It will be our endeavor to make the offer of endowments in the

Preparatory Seminary as attractive as possible, so that both for clergy and laity the foundation of at least one scholarship will be considered a splendid investment, "where neither the rust nor moth doth consume, and where thieves do not break through nor steal." For the layman, what better work can he perform than to be the means not only during his life time, but long after he shall have gone from this world, of helping poor and deserving boys to realize their fondest and most pious hope of standing some day at God's altar, there to offer up the adorable Sacrifice of the new law for the spiritual and temporal needs of one who has been their benefactor. And after all, one of the dearest wishes of every good priest's heart is to leave behind him some one whom he has guided, helped and with his slender savings educated, and who will take up the work from his hands, when death shall have palsied their activity forevermore. I have established personally the first two of these scholarships, both in memory of the late Archbishop, the first, St. James', to be occupied in perpetuity by

a boy from the Cathedral School, the other, St. Edward's, to be occupied always by an orphan boy. Six others have been promised, and it is my expectation that this number will be increased to at least a hundred within the next year. A brief explanation regarding the conditions of a founded scholarship may not be out of place, here and at this time. Because of the rate of interest that can be obtained with safety on long-time investments at the present time, twenty-five hundred dollars is the sum required for founding a scholarship, so that its interest may at all times educate a boy.

Each scholarship is to be known by the name of a Saint, or some title of Our Blessed Lady, and may bear in addition the name of the founder. The scholarship may be placed at the disposal of a certain parish, to be occupied by a boy from a certain school, or the candidate to be selected by the donor, or finally, the place to be thrown open to completion, the choice to be subject in each and every case to the approval of the Archbishop and the Rev. Faculty of the College. Though for

some of our parishes it may be practically impossible, yet for the others, it would certainly be desirable for every parish that is able to do so, to have a scholarship of its own, to be occupied always by some one of its children, whom God has selected as one of His messengers to carry the good tidings of the Gospel and break the Bread of Life, it may be, for those who have known him from childhood. And it is even more desirable still that some God-fearing charitable men and women may be inspired to found other scholarships that will be placed at the Archbishop's disposal, and so enable worthy boys and young men burning with a desire to become priests, but who have no means of their own, and who otherwise might never be able to realize this fondest wish of their heart. Surely, there is no greater charity than to share in the making and training of a priest of God, and thus have a share, too, in the great fruits of his sacerdotal ministration. Moreover, when a student is accepted as a beneficiary of a founded scholarship, he binds himself in writing, that, if he completes his

education in the preparatory seminary and is afterwards ordained to the priesthood, he will annually for the space of ten years celebrate ten Masses for the intentions of his benefactor, the donor or donors of the scholarship.

This obligation is to be imposed on every such student who completes his education in the preparatory seminary, no matter how long or how short a time he has enjoyed the privileges of the scholarship, and whether he is ordained for this diocese or elsewhere. The money donated for the foundation of scholarships is not to be used for new buildings or any similar purpose, but is to be invested in proper securities, as may be designated by the Most Rev. Archbishop or others appointed by him for this purpose.

A new site has been procured for the proposed Preparatory Seminary, nearly one-half of an entire city square, embracing nearly thirty-five thousand square feet, but a few short blocks from the Cathedral, admittedly one of the most favorable locations in the city and giving easy access from all parts of the city and diocese. The buildings will

easily be among the most beautiful in Chicago. They are to be in the early French Gothic style of architecture, and by reason of their distinct individuality and their prominent location will form a place of interest, not only to visitors, but also to all lovers of the city beautiful. The group of three buildings will be composed of a main or college building, and the two ornate wings will be, one the Chapel, the other, the library and gymnasium. For it will be of interest to the clergy to know that, in accordance with the ancient adage "*mens sana in corpore sano,*" the new Seminary will be equipped with a kitchen and refectory as well as a gymnasium and baths.

There is one other of the group of buildings for the Preparatory Seminary I should like to erect in the near future. The seminary Chapel is to be dedicated to St. James the Apostle, the Patron Saint of the late Archbishop. I wish it to be the gift of the Catholic children of the diocese to their Archbishop's memory, as a mark of their affection for him and a recognition of his solicitude for them. That every

child, rich or poor, may have an opportunity of doing its own little share in erecting this, their monument, let every boy and girl in the parochial schools of the diocese, and in the Sunday-schools where there are as yet no parish schools, contribute a penny each week, and the priests, the Sisters and Brothers arrange in each school and in each classroom a proper receptacle or method of collecting this little weekly mite from the children and forward the amount to the Chancery Office at the end of each month. But the children must be made to understand that this offering, small though it may be, must be a voluntary one on their part, and be told what the exact purpose intended is. Moreover, I would not have it interfere in any way with any charitable or religious work they may already be engaged in. So, even as giant oaks from tiny acorns grow, a beautiful chapel, an architectural gem, a fitting residence for our Sacramental Lord and the loveliest gift children ever offered to their spiritual father, will be erected by the pennies contributed weekly by our little children.

And now I have endeavored to place before you as clearly as I can and as briefly as possible under the circumstances the reason for the explanation of the plan of the Preparatory Seminary. I commend it to your charity and to your and your people's generosity. It is perhaps the biggest, the most important work the diocese will ever undertake. We have undertaken movements of charity, to relieve different kinds of distress, but this is the first work of religion inaugurated under my administration. I am anxious it should succeed, not for any personal motive, but because it means much for the growth of the Church in Chicago; it means providing workers in the vineyard here, when we have gone, to receive the day's wages from the heavenly steward; it means the continuation of the many works of religion and of charity we have begun, and to which we of the clergy have given freely and willingly of our time, of our means, of our strength. It means a proper appreciation, too, of the work of my predecessor, and a constant remembrance of his soul's welfare in prayer

and at the altar for many years to come. *"Mementote praepositorum vestrorum qui vobis locuti sunt verbum Dei."*

Sincerely yours in Xt,

✠GEORGE WM. MUNDELEIN,
Archbishop of Chicago.

Feast of the Holy Apostles Philip and James, 1916.

Letter in Favor of the Work of the Sisters of the Good Shepherd, Chicago

Chicago, Ill., December 11th, 1917.

Sister Mary of the Good Shepherd,
Superior,
Convent of the Good Shepherd,
1126 Grace St., Chicago, Ill.

My Dear Mother Superior:

The season of the year again draws near when the hearts of little children the world over are gladdened because of the coming of our Infant Savior; and all of us, of every age in life, and in whatever station we may be, strive to make Christmas happy and memorable for the little ones who have crept into our hearts, for this is the one day of the year that is surely theirs, the day for which they have longed and waited with all the ardor of their little souls. Not only do we strive at this time to make happy the children of our own families and in our own homes, but our charity and our generosity go beyond the thresholds of our homes and help to gladden the children of the poor, the orphaned and fatherless, because on

this day the Son of God came from heaven, a helpless little child, for our sakes, not in a palace, resting in a golden crib, garbed in silken clothes; but poor, helpless, homeless, forlorn. "You shall find the Infant," said the angel, "wrapped in swaddling clothes, laid in a manger." (Luke II:12.)

As far as lies with me, I would in a particular manner make the Christmas day that will soon dawn a day of joy and gladness for those who dwell under your roof. I would give some sign of the solicitude I feel for the welfare of the children committed to your care—the children to whom the world has been so cruel, so unkind, so unjust; whose innocent souls so early in life were left torn and bruised by the heedless heel of some selfish seeker after pleasure; whose baptismal whiteness became soiled and tarnished so soon by contact with the mud of the city streets and the filth of Satan's haunts of pleasure; or who were too often untaught, unwarned, unprepared, and so suffered the fate of the seed in the Gospel that fell on a rock and "withered away because it had no moisture." (Luke

VIII:6.) To carry out Christ's own mission of saving sinners, God in His infinite goodness called you and your Sisters in religion that you might give up home and family and friends, everything in life, to devote yourself and all that is yours to the care of "the least of these," His "little ones." He chose you to bring them under the shelter of the cloister and into the shadow of the tabernacle where, far from the city's glare and clamor, away from the beckoning finger of temptation, in the quiet of the sanctuary and under the protecting wing of religion you might bind up their wounds, nourish back their strength and make them feel the wonderful love that beats in the Sacred Heart of Jesus for the penitent sinner.

Surely, for this work of human salvage in a great city, there are none better fitted than you. Speaking from a merely human standpoint, first of all, you had and you have the desire for this special work; you have selected it of your own free will and you have made it your life's work. You have, therefore, enthusiasm and liking for the rather difficult task in which you

are engaged, elements quite necessary for its successful accomplishment. Secondly, you have the required training. You are specialists in this line and you have the benefit of the experience of others and of the traditions which your Community has gathered and treasured. But that which far more than all this fits you for your task is the fact that Christ has called you for this work, and to you He has said in the hour of your profession, even as He said to His disciples: "You have not chosen me, but I have chosen you." (John XV:16.) He has given you those supernatural helps which more than all worldly training will fit you to make over again into souls pure, pleasing and acceptable in His sight, the wayward, erring, sinning children of our great cities. In this work of reform and reclamation and reconstruction, your greatest aids are the teachings of religion and its means of grace. These alone can give your precepts and warnings a lasting effect; these alone can confirm your children in the good resolutions that they have made while under your care,

and give them strength in the hour of temptation.

Yet the Lord often makes use of human instruments and of earthly means to carry our the great designs of Providence; and you, too, to make it entirely effective, should have some material support for your work of leading these strayed, erring, bewildered souls back to their Savior. Only too often, to your great sorrow and disappointment, has one of these children, for whom you had great hope, fallen back again into the slough of sin, succumbed to the lure of vicious company, become enmeshed in the net of former bad habits. For some years past I have given this matter—which must concern me very nearly as the pastor of a great diocese—long and serious consideration. It has seemed to me that, when the girls left the shelter of your roof to begin again, unaided, the battle of life in the world, the results might perhaps be more lasting, if their good resolutions were backed up by some pecuniary help. Surely no sensible person can expect you to give them that help, for your institution is heavily debt-laden,

and is costly to run, while the County pays you but thirty cents a day for each girl that is committed,—a mere pittance goes but a short distance. The labor that the girls perform (and it would certainly be unwise to leave them without employment) is generally crude and rather poorly paid. To meet this need and to provide that help, I would propose the following plan:—First; let every girl be selected and trained for the kind of work for which she is best fitted by experience or intelligence—whether this be needlework, fine sewing, fine laundry or plain laundry-work—and a market be found therefor. Second; let every girl, as far as possible, be put on piece-work for which she is to receive a commensurate wage, the same again to be graded according to the character of the work and the price it brings in the open market. Third; at the end of each working-day, let every girl's wage be computed and entered by the forewoman in charge of this part of the work. Fourth; at the end of every week, to the amount contributed by the county for each girl's keep, let her wages be added, deducting a proper

amount for her board, clothing and other expenses—the amount remaining to be entered in her own bank-book, which will be held in safe-keeping for her, as may be determined. Fifth; this money on deposit is not to be paid to any girl until she is about to leave the institution: she cannot give it to another or purchase anything with it during her stay in the House of the Good Shepherd, for reasons I shall give later. Sixth; in the case of any girl committed to the institution because of frequent lapses into inebriety, and for whom the money might prove more of a temptation than a safeguard, on leaving the institution arrangements can be made to have the Court appoint a custodian or guardian of this money.

Finally, I wish to be distinctly understood that I am not binding the Sisters to any arrangement from which they can not later on recede, for if they do not receive additional help from elsewhere it is perfectly clear that they can not carry out the plan outlined by me and on their present very meagre income provide for the care and maintenance of their vast institution. It is

for that reason, dear Mother, that some time ago I asked you to study out this compensation idea and let me know what would be the additional cost to pay the number of girls who are now in your charge according to the plan I have outlined. You then informed me that it would entail an additional expenditure of five hundred dollars each month, or an extra annual outlay of six thousand dollars—quite a large amount of money. However, I consider this work to be of so great importance for the saving of souls and bound to be of so much benefit to the city, as well as to the individuals affected, that I am willing to add to my already numerous charities, even under present war conditions, one-half of this sum as my own responsibility.

So, as my Christmas gift to the children of the House of the Good Shepherd, I am sending, together with this letter, one-half of the sum guaranteed by me (namely, fifteen hundred dollars), a similar sum to come a few months later, so that the plan as above outlined may go into effect on the first day of the New Year. Surely some

generous souls, especially among our women, will provide you with the rest, since I have given them the example and shown them the way. The best and the surest way of providing, however, would be for some one who is desirous of piling up treasure in heaven, where it cannot be lost or stolen, and of erecting a monument more lasting than universities or libraries—a monument built of human souls forever safe in the arms of the Divine Shepherd—to give a trust fund of a hundred thousand dollars, the income from which would practically take care of this part of your work.

I anticipate splendid results from the introduction of this system. In the first place, I think you will find that the girls will more gladly stay with you, be more diligent and cheerful while they are with you, and often really sorry to leave, if they realize that, under your protection, they are working for themselves and that every penny that they earn will be added to the nest-egg that will steady and strengthen them when they return to the world where the very want of money may previously have led them into temptation. Every girl that

has been with you for a sufficient time, if she has been careful and industrious, will be leaving with a sum sufficient to provide her with quite good and comfortable clothing, to pay her board in some respectable house and locality until she obtains suitable employment, and to leave her, in addition, a few dollars safely tucked away in the bank for the proverbial rainy day. When she leaves you, she will take with her more than her good resolutions. She will have money to back them up. And should she fall again—which is not so likely—want would not be her excuse. Finally, besides benefiting the children, it will benefit you. While they are with you there will be more of a spirit of cheerfulness and satisfaction prevailing amongst them and when they leave, I think you will more often find your efforts crowned with temporal and spiritual success. It will serve, too, to silence forever those who have not hesitated to accuse us of profiting financially by the labors of these girls.

Before concluding this letter, I deem it wise to meet an objection that will be raised, the objection that preference

should be given to the needs of the poorly-paid working-girl, who, alone in a great city, must skimp and save to purchase the bare necessities of life and to pay the room-rent in a bleak boarding-house, while sighing and praying for the company, the comfort and the conveniences in a Catholic atmosphere that so often are offered to her under non-Catholic auspices. To her—and there are many like her in this big city—I can simply say that I am not unmindful of her needs, and that I hope the day is not far distant when such a hospice will be built here in Chicago as an abode of comfort to our working-girls and a source of pride to us all. God, however, must first move the heart and hand of some man or woman of wealth to help us make this possible, for to do it will mean not only to pay for a suitable building, conveniently situated, but to some extent at least to endow it, as we could hardly expect it to be entirely self-supporting. But your work must be encouraged and assisted first. Your children are spiritual convalescents, leaving the hospital after recovering from a serious illness. We

must help them for a little while until they can walk on the sometimes rough and stony paths of life, until they have again got their bearings, until they have found and returned to work.

Moreover to you, Mother dear, and to your Sisters, as in like manner to me, the mission the Master has given is first to go after the weak, the strayed, the fallen: our duty is to nurse them back again to health and life and innocence. With this as our object we must use every means at our command and employ any helps that will make that work of saving, of healing, of reformation, lasting. In this way do we follow in the footsteps of Him Who said, "I am not come to save the just, but sinners." (Matth. IX:13.) But to the young girl in the world who toils and struggles, whose life is so devoid of pleasure, often barren of comforts, who stands alone, but who has withstood temptation, who keeps herself in God's grace and her soul in purity and innocence, to her I would address the words of the Master —the words addressed by the Prodigal father to his elder son: "Daughter, thou art always with me, and all I have

is thine; but this thy sister was dead and is come to life again: she was lost and is found." (Luke XV:31 and 32.)

When in the early hour of the Christmas morn the Babe of Bethlehem again comes down from heaven and rests on your chapel altar, when He stretches out His tiny hands to all who there kneel about Him, to your Sisters, to the Sisters Magdalen and to your children whom He loves so dearly, in that moment, when He is so kind, so generous, do you ask Him to watch over this city, this diocese and its people. Pray to Him especially for those who have wandered away from Him, whose eyes are blinded by pleasure and whose hearts are hardened in sin, that they may return to Him Who came on that first Christmas day, "that they may have life and have it more abundantly." (John X:10.) Pray, too, for the clergy of this diocese and their archbishop, that the Good Shepherd may keep them all faithful to the end, that among them all no one will be found a hireling on that last day, that we may all be numbered among those over whom the angels of

heaven rejoice even more than over those who have no need of penance.

Sincerely yours in Christ,

✠GEORGE WM. MUNDELEIN,
Archbishop of Chicago.

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